The Outlook

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The Outlook

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PRESIDENT LOW'S acceptance of his nomination by the Citizens' Union as a non-partisan candidate for Mayor of the Greater New York makes it possible to carry on from this minute an aggressive campaign for municipal good government. The formal letter of acceptance which is soon expected from Mr. Low can only emphasize and elaborate the principal points presented in the brief statement already made. In this Mr. Low shows that his position has been simple and single throughout the summer. From the first he has said that he would be a candidate only if that were desired by a considerable number of his fellow-citizens, and only if he had reasonable evidence that he would prove a unifying force among those who were fighting for good government. Ample proof of this has been furnished by the urgent request of about 125,000 voters that he should be their candidate. From the first, also, Mr. Low has declared plainly that he would stand on no platform, or agreement, or understanding, which implied that there should be a division of offices as payment for political services. This he now reiterates in these words:

> The people are deeply moved by the desire that, when the great city begins its new career, it shall do so with a mandate from the voters to the officials of the city that the welfare of the city, not of any party, is to be their first concern. For that principle I am known to stand. For it I shall contend in the coming campaign, with such allies as time may bring; but for it I shall stand, be my friends few or many. Because the Citizens' Union stands for this principle, and because I am in sympathy with its general purposes, I shall gladly accept its nomination, and I shall welcome all support from any quarter that recognizes the position that I occupy.

❀

This is perfectly plain speaking. Mr. Low has (contrary to much cheap newspaper gossip) had nothing whatever to say as to whether the Citizens' Union nomination should precede or follow the Republican and Democratic Conventions. He stands and has stood solely upon the two points above stated—that citizens in reasonable number should want him as a candidate, and that there should be no patronage-dickering in his name. If the Republicans wish to save the city from Tammany rule, their course is obvious. Mr. Quigg, acting for Mr. Platt, has openly declared that the Republican Convention absolutely would not nominate Mr. Low if the Citizens' Union acted first. This is a plain declaration that the Convention is not a representative body, capable of acting on its own wishes. Mr. Quigg may prove to be mistaken; at all events, the Republican machine is one thing, the Republican voters another. On this point we speak further in another column. Tammany is much weakened by its long period of forced abstinence from public plundering; an honest combination of good citizens may now give it a death-blow, and insure permanent good government for the new city.

❀

The educational work of the Citizens' Union will tell on the future political history of New York. This is the first campaign in the history of New York in which effort has been made to conduct a positive educational work by the use of the stereopticon among the voters generally. In different parts of the city men who have made a special study of the city departments, who have the gift of eloquence, who are in perfect command of themselves and their subjects, are lecturing almost every night. The subjects of these lectures are the several city departments grouped in pairs—Charities and Correction; Parks and Public Works; Police Departments and Magistrates' Courts; Department of Buildings and Department of Education; Department of Docks and Fire Department; Department of Street-Cleaning and Health Department. It is astonishing how the several departments lend themselves to the pic-

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torial art. In the lecture on the Department of Parks and Public Works, the question of street-paving has been taken up and presented pictorially in such a way as to reach the intelligence of the most superficial thinkers. Squares represent the area of the city covered by asphalt under all preceding administrations and the proportion of the city's area that has been covered under the present administration; while a square between the two represents the area which might have been covered had contracts under all the former administrations been made with the economy and businesslike system of the present administration. Since the bicycle has become as familiar an article as the dish-pan in the tenement-house regions, this matter of asphalt pavements appeals very strongly to the voter or soon-to-be voter, as well as to his wife and sweetheart. What might be called underground New York has also been pictorially presented, and the water system of the whole city has been made clear to the eye—the collecting of the water, the reservoirs, the mains through which the water-supply reaches the city. Whatever the outcome of the Citizens' Union campaign may be politically, educationally it has been of great effectiveness. Not the least significant feature in this department of the Citizens' Union movement is that women as well as men are invited to these lectures.

❀

The Pennsylvania Democrats have refused to accept the Gorman programme of party harmony. On the contrary, the primaries were in nearly all the counties so explicit in their instructions for the reaffirmation of the Chicago platform that no struggle was made against this action. The advocates of harmony confined their efforts to an attempt to retain Mr. Harrity—an anti-silver man—as Pennsylvania's representative on the Democratic National Committee. Mr. Harrity for some reason wished to retain this position, while the aggressive free-coinage element naturally demanded that he should resign to make room for a man who supported the principles of the party. Technically, the State Convention had no authority to displace the member of the National Committee, and the delegates who favored a policy of conciliation toward the gold Democrats made the most of this point. The free-coinage enthusiasts, however, stated with truth that the National Committee was certain to accept the will of the State Convention as final, and reported a resolution ousting Mr. Harrity and naming his successor. This resolution threw the Convention into an uproar. When the Chairman was trying to restore order, one of the Secretaries—a "Harrity and Harmony" man—seized the gavel and attempted to preside. This piece of rowdyism was greeted with cheers by the harmony element in the Convention, and with cries of "Shame!" from their opponents. There was a rush for the stage, and a wild tussle for several minutes, when the lights were turned out, and the Chairman made himself heard, declaring the meeting adjourned to a later hour. When the resolution ousting Mr. Harrity was brought to a vote, it was carried by a majority of nearly two to one. The platform adopted called for a return to the specie basis as it was prior to 1873, eulogized Mr. Bryan, denounced the Dingley tariff, demanded armed intervention in behalf of Cuba, and condemned the "abuse" of the power of injunction in the coal strikes. In short, nothing was left undone to keep out of the party those who are not in sympathy with its new spirit. But, in spite of all this, the anti-silver Democrats of Pennsylvania have decided to put no ticket in the field.

❀

In Nebraska the Democratic, Populist, and Silver Republican Conventions, held simultaneously in Lincoln, effected complete fusion for the approaching campaign. To accomplish this end the National leaders of these parties—Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, General Weaver, of Iowa, and Mr. Towne, of Minnesota—were all present, and their oratory—for they are all orators—established such harmony of feeling before the Conventions had fairly begun, that an agreement upon candidates was conceded by those who had predicted failure. There was, however, considerable delay in the selection of the candidate for Supreme Court Judge, who heads the ticket. Finally, however, it was agreed that all nominations should be presented to all the Conventions, and as soon as two of them agreed the other should accept. A Democrat who had stood second in the Populist Convention on the first ballot was accepted by the Silver Republicans and Democrats and then indorsed by the Populists according to the agreement. The Populists and Silver Republicans each selected one of the candidates for Regents, making the ticket complete.

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Again the result of the Senatorial primaries in South Carolina has been to select the candidate favored by the Conservatives. Senator McLaurin, who was appointed by Governor Ellerbe to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Earle, received 29,000 votes, against 11,000 for ex-Governor Evans and 5,000 for ex-Senator Irby. The latter two candidates appealed to the party spirit of the Reformers, whose cause they had favored from the first, while Senator McLaurin appealed to the desire among both Conservatives and Reformers to destroy "factionalism." On National issues Senator McLaurin was attacked for having voted (with Senator Tillman) for a high protective tariff upon farm products. Upon this point Senator McLaurin defended himself by pointing to the declaration of the Chicago platform in favor of a tariff which should not discriminate against any class or section. He was opposed, he said, to the protective system, but as he was compelled to accept it, he voted to make it as equitable as possible. The unexpectedly small vote for the candidates identified with the Reform faction is in part accounted for by the lightness of the total vote in the farming districts, but is perhaps more largely due to the support given Senator McLaurin by the city press, which of course is almost uniformly Conservative. The fact that the Conservatives should have won a second victory under the system of direct primaries, forced upon them by the radical Reformers, probably destroys the last remnant of their hostillty to the reform. In a few years, we trust, conservatives throughout the country will accept direct primaries as cordially as conservatives in Switzerland already accept direct legislation.

❀

The shocking revelations regarding the management of the misdemeanor camps in Georgia have stirred public opinion in that State to demand the immediate placing of all convicts under the care of State officials. The head of the State prison system has prepared a plan to be submitted to the Legislature which aims at the ultimate employment of all prisoners by and for the State. He asks that the State should purchase from 5,000 to 7,000 acres of land, and use the less efficient prison labor to build thereon a permanent penitentiary. Meanwhile, to cover the expenses of this work, he proposes that the bulk of the able-bodied convicts should be leased at fifty cents a day for five years to contractors, State officials caring for the maintenance and discipline of the convicts. Even this "temporary" compromise arrangement, we are glad to see, does not meet with the full approval of the Atlanta "Journal." This paper points out that the prison official had made an unwarrantably high estimate of the possible income from the leased prisoners —fifty cents a day being "almost the price that is paid for ordinary free labor"—and urges that much of the prison labor might now be employed in providing better roads. Still more along the lines of permanent reform is the "Journal's" advocacy of the adoption of the Mississippi system of a convict farm. During the last few years Mississippi has made its convict labor upon its great farm support itself and also pay for the farm with all its equipments. The farmers of Mississippi, being direct taxpayers as well as laborers, do not object to the competition—or co-operation—of prison labor in increasing the wealth of the public; and inasmuch as nearly the whole population of the State is directly engaged in agriculture, there is no material injustice in employing all the convicts in farm labor. Georgia also is distinctively an agricultural State—raising crops upon which men can be worked in groups—and there is no reason why a large part of the prison labor should not be directly employed at farming. The best prison system is always the one which best fits the prisoners to earn an honest living after they leave the prison walls, and in States where most of the prisoners come from the farms and return to the farms there is every reason why they should do farm work as prisoners, instead of being crowded into mines and workshops to learn trades they cannot follow afterwards.

❀

The United Labor Convention in St. Louis last week was the most radical body of labor representatives yet assembled in this country. It was by no means the most radical convention that has been held, but the radicalism was not confined to irresponsible individuals, or even to a few officials of semi-political organizations. It apparently extended to the chief officers of some of the best-established trades-unions. It is true that the amendments proposed by single-taxers and Socialists demanding the public ownership of land and of all the means of production were voted down, but the resolutions adopted not

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only asked for the public ownership of all monopolized industries, but expressed distrust of the legislatures and intense hostility toward the Federal judiciary. It was against the judiciary that the resolutions were principally directed. Jefferson's prediction that the Federal judges, by their power to determine their own power, would establish supremacy over the popularly elected departments of the Government, was recalled with approval, and the readiness of judges to issue injunctions to the advantage of the capitalist class was denounced in unmeasured terms. The following were a few of the sentences indicative of the feeling toward the courts:

Under the cunning form of injunctions courts have assumed to enact criminal laws, and, after thus drawing to themselves the power of legislation, have repealed the bill of rights, and for violations of those court-made laws have denied the accused the right of trial by jury. . . . Having drawn to themselves all the powers of the Federal Government, until Congress and Presidents may act only by judicial permission, the Federal judges have begun the subjugation of sovereign States, so that, unless a check is soon put upon the progress of usurpation, in a short time no government but the absolute despotism of Federal judges will exist anywhere over any portion of American soil. The pending strike of coal-miners, starved to feebleness by their scant wages and by arduous and dangerous toil, the pending strike for the right to be fed enough to make labor possible, has been prolific of judicial usurpation, showing the willingness of judicial despots to resort to the most shameless defiance of decency, as well as of law and humanity, in order to enable heartless avarice to drive its hungry serfs back to the mines, to faint and die at their drudgery.

The resolutions following this preamble were comparatively moderate, except for a threatening reference to the constitutional right of citizens to bear arms. The ballot was declared the real remedy for misgovernment, and the chairman of the Convention was instructed to appeal to President McKinley to assemble Congress in special session to define the powers of Federal judges. To help the coal-miners it was resolved to ask union laborers and their friends throughout the country to make of September third a "good Friday," by giving the earnings of that day to the support of the strike.

❀

"Good Friday" proved to be a better day for the miners than anybody at St. Louis anticipated. On that day an agreement was reached between the large coal operators of the Pittsburg district and the Executive Board of the Miners' Union. By this agreement wages in the Pittsburg district are to be 65 cents a ton until the first of January, and the wages for next year are to be fixed upon prior to that time by the miners and operators in joint conference. The wages outside the Pittsburg district are to be proportioned as heretofore to the Pittsburg rate. The miners have thus secured an advance of 11 cents a ton, or nearly twenty per cent. over the rate of wages before the strike; and have come within 4 cents a ton of obtaining the wages of 1895, for which they struck. It is true that the 1895 rate was 10 cents a ton less than the rate before the depression set in, and the miners under this agreement will receive 17 per cent. less than in January, 1893. Nevertheless, the triumph is a considerable one, and the miners will make a sad mistake if they refuse to ratify the settlement.

❀

On Wednesday of last week the New York law making it a penitentiary offense to sell the unused portion of a railroad ticket, except to the railroad company, went into effect. One ticket-broker was arrested in a suit supported by the ticket-brokers to test the constitutionality of the act, and two newsboys for selling street-car transfer slips, which they were in the habit of purchasing from passengers with newspapers, and then selling for two or three cents apiece. This statute, significantly enough, is supported most strenuously by the newspapers which are usually most hostile to "legislative interference with individual liberty" for the sake of the public welfare. The occasion for the inconsistency is clear enough. In this case it is not powerful interests whose business is interfered with, but the petty ticket-brokers and the individual passengers who have been accustomed to buy return tickets or tickets to competitive points beyond their destination, and sell the unused coupons for more than the railroad would pay for them. The interests which immediately profit by this interference are, of course, the railroads. The traveling public will not benefit until the roads are somehow persuaded to make general reductions of passenger fares. However, it is not at all probable that the courts will overthrow this law. While it is immediately in the interests of the railroads at the expense of the brokers and their patrons, the roads can point to a clause in the law requiring them to redeem unused tickets at such a rate that the passengers shall pay only the local fare for the part used, and they can also urge with justice that

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the work of ticket-brokers is one that adds absolutely nothing to the general wealth.

❀

The August statement of the United States Treasury is worth considering. It shows a total revenue slightly exceeding nineteen million dollars, a decrease of about twenty millions from the preceding month and of six and a half millions from the corresponding month a year ago. The revenue for August was smaller than that for any month of the past seven years. A heavy decrease in revenue had been anticipated, for during the first three weeks of July there were large payments of duties and a corresponding decrease in August receipts. Expenditures last month, though less than those for August, 1896, were larger than those in the Augusts of the preceding three years. The fact will thus not be overlooked that last month's deficit—amounting to fourteen and a half millions, the largest of any month in twenty years—has arisen wholly through shrinkage in receipts. In the first month under the Wilson Law expenditures were larger than in the corresponding month of the preceding year, but last month, as we have already noticed, expenditures were decreased compared with August, 1896. It is also worth while to note that the most alarming deficit of any month prior to the Wilson Bill's enactment was a million dollars less than that for last month. Three years ago deficits were increased by business depression; now they are increased in the face of business revival. Nevertheless, the thirty-three million dollar loss to the Government on account of enormously increased imports should be taken into account—a loss thus estimated by the Treasury Department for the imports during March, April, May, and June, anticipating the increase of duties imposed by the new tariff. The shrinkage in last month's receipts was almost entirely due to the decrease in customs collections, internal revenue items aggregating nearly as much as in the corresponding period a year ago. For the two months of the present fiscal year receipts from customs were less by half a million dollars than for July and August last year. On the other hand, receipts from internal revenue are over four and a half millions larger. Receipts from all sources aggregate $58,100,000. Expenditures for the two months (over $83,600,000) are nearly $5,900,000 more than for the corresponding time in 1896. It may be noted that for pensions we paid three and a quarter millions more during the two months this year than last. To sum up, for July and August, 1896, there was a deficit of almost $23,200,000; July and August, 1897, show a deficit of $25,500,000.

❀

The August report of commercial failures well reflects the improved business situation. According to "Dun's Review" the failures numbered 921 against 1,107 for August, 1896, and 1,025 and 1,031 respectively for 1895 and 1894. The statement of liabilities is more impressive. Last month's liabilities were about eight million dollars, as against twenty-eight millions in August, 1896, ten millions in 1895, and eleven millions in 1894. The ratios of defaulted liabilities to bank clearings by months for a series of years have been figured out by the "Review," which thus comments on the result: "Between defaults amounting in a single month to eight-tenths of one per cent. of all solvent payments through clearing-houses, as in September of last year, and only one hundred and sixty-seven thousandths of one per cent. as in August of this year, there is a wide difference." No less striking is the report of bank clearings; they were the largest on record, being over thirty-six per cent. greater than for August, 1896, and seventeen per cent. greater than for the corresponding month in 1895. The August stock and bond market also showed a marked improvement both in volume of sales and in higher quotations. The total of sales was the largest since December, 1886, and prices were equally gratifying, Government four per cent. bonds selling at the highest quotation yet recorded. The price of September wheat in New York is now $1.04½ a bushel. Receipts of wheat and corn are nearly three times as large as last year, and exports from both coasts more than twice as large. Last week's shipments were, with two exceptions, the largest ever reported. In face of the wheat famine abroad, the stores of old wheat will be used up, and the London "Mark Lane Express" thinks that a crisis of great seriousness will be prevented only by generally good prospects for the spring of 1898. The cotton movement is backward, and depends somewhat on India. During the past twelve months, on account of the famine and plague, India was not so good a customer at the Lancashire market. If the demand be restored, our cotton producers, the suppliers of Lancashire, will quickly feel it. India has

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also been a factor elsewhere. Owing to the slow collection of taxes, also due to the famine and plague, the Government's cash balances have declined so much that the British Secretary of State for India has decided to suspend the sale of bills of exchange on Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras for a period of not less than ten weeks. The London "Telegraph" says that "the Council may refuse to draw altogether, thus sending exchange up to the gold point and rendering possible the establishment of the gold standard in India." Last week the price of silver declined to 51¼ cents an ounce.

❀

Mr. John Muir, in the "Atlantic Monthly," has made an appeal for the preservation of the trees on our public lands which should be heeded by all who are responsible for forest destruction. Our continent was once enormously rich in trees, having about five hundred species, including especially the Sequoias, which in some cases towered to four hundred feet, with trunks more than twenty feet thick. Such ravages have been made, however, that we must now call a halt unless we wish America to become as barren as Palestine or Spain. We have, indeed, a timber culture act, but Mr. Muir says that less than fifty thousand acres have been planted under it, while millions of acres of forest trees have been stolen, destroyed, or sold for nothing. During the seven years from 1881 the value of the timber reported as stolen from the Government lands was nearly thirty-seven million dollars, while the amount received was less than five hundred thousand dollars, and the cost of the special agents was over four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to which must be added the expense of the trials. Sparks from railway locomotives, mining-camp and sheep-pasturage fires, make terrible ravages, besides the great waste from the ax. The small trees are slashed and burned and removed in any way possible, as they are not large enough to be marketable. Mr. Muir also describes the destruction caused by the makers of "shakes," in cutting which only ten or twenty feet may be used from a tree perhaps two hundred and fifty feet high, the rest being left to rot, while thousands of trees, tested by hacking deeply, are rejected. It is said that more material is destroyed than is sent to market. As Mr. Muir says, "Any fool can destroy trees. During a man's life only saplings may be grown in place of the old trees. It took more than three thousand years to make some of the trees cut down or burned in the Western woods." However, Mr. Muir is not a pessimist. He appreciates the creation of our National parks and our forest preserves, although the act of the last Congress setting aside temporarily the reservation of forest areas shows how hard it is to secure proper control.

❀

We may well take a lesson from other countries. The Prussian State control is well known. France has sold no Government forests since 1870, and has strict rules concerning the clearing of private woodlands. Before that time Switzerland had established a school of forestry and a law requiring the cantons to appoint educated foresters. In 1888 Russia passed a law protecting certain forests from clearing and regulating it in others. In India three-quarters of the seventy million acres of forests have been brought under Government control. Even Japan is ahead of us in forestry. On the other hand, in this country, from the just-published report of the lumber trade we see that our entire forest supply may be destroyed within the lifetime of men now living. The report shows lumber exports to be one-fourth greater than those of last year, and twice as great as those of a decade since. Nor is this all. Domestic consumption is increasing still more rapidly. The single item of wood pulp for paper manufacture involves a special destruction of timber, which did not take place until recently. When the Dingley Bill was passed, with its high duty on white pine lumber, Canadians pointed out that, while they would be temporarily hard hit by such a provision, our timber supply was rapidly approaching exhaustion, and this new law would but hasten the end. In any event, we must become increasingly dependent on outside sources. The leading protectionist journal in America, the New York "Tribune," has now added its warning to that of the freer-trading people north of us. While, generally speaking, the growth of American industries is cause for satisfaction, the growth of the lumber industry is an exception to that rule. Its trade tends to exhaustion of native resources and to consequent domestic embarrassment and disaster. As the "Tribune" says, throughout all the older States of the Union forests have long since practically disappeared, nor are

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the newer States of the Far West exempt. Streams that once flowed constantly the year round are now torrents for a few weeks and then dry for months. Soil has become arid and sterile, and springs have dried up. Droughts are more frequent, and agriculture less profitable. Most of the great beds of moss and leaf mold, hitherto perennial reservoirs of moisture, are dry, the soil and rocks exposed, and the country transformed into a desert. What should be done is evident. Laws must be passed and executed so that henceforth lumbering shall mean a judicious thinning out, not a wholesale destruction, of the forests.

❀

The death of Mrs. John Drew, the oldest actress in America, took place last week. Mrs. Drew belonged to the school of actors whose education was received wholly in the practice of the profession. The results in her case justified the system. She appeared first as an infant in England, and played her first engagement in this country at the age of seven years, taking the character of the Duke of York to Junius Brutus Booth's Richard. Since that time Mrs. Drew has been constantly before the public as actress and manager. She was the manager of the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, for many years. The training which Mrs. Drew received has entirely departed from the stage, and perhaps that fact is responsible for the difference between the old and the new schools of acting. Mrs. Drew learned in the doing; her theories were tested by immediate trial. Her children followed the profession of their parents, her son, Mr. John Drew, being a leading comedy actor to-day. At one time in her career Mrs. Drew had attained high reputation as a tragedienne; but she lived and worked, during her years of learning, in a school in which every character had to be assumed, and at the shortest notice. In this trial of abilities her ability as a comedienne revealed itself to herself as well as to her audiences, and she may be said to have created one character which will never be filled by a rival for her fame. She acted Mrs. Malaprop hundreds if not thousands of times.

❀

Last week Mr. William Ogilvie, the Canadian Surveyor of the Northwest Territory, arrived at Seattle, and in an interview gave some interesting opinions relating to the new gold-mining regions. Gold has already been found in a certain zone in British Columbia, running through the Caribou and Cassiar districts. If the axis of this zone be projected northwesterly, it would touch Teslin Lake, Stewart River, Sixty-Mile and Forty-Mile River, and a number of important creeks. At all of these points gold has been discovered, and it is improbable that the intervening spaces are barren. The total length of the zone is more than five hundred miles, some of it being in Alaska, more of it in the Canadian Northwest Territory, and much of it in British Columbia, which latter province, Mr. Oglivie says, will yet be the scene of numerous mining enterprises, both placer and quartz. Under more favorable conditions this zone would be the richest and most extensive mining area in the world. The great difficulty is the nine months of winter. There is almost total barrenness so far as vegetable supply of food is concerned. The earth abounds in internal frost. There is intense cold during the winter months, with the thermometer often reaching sixty and seventy degrees below zero; fifty degrees being frequent, and forty degrees of almost daily occurrence. In the summer there are occasional warm days, succeeded by cool, almost verging on freezing. The country is practically unfitted for roads other than a pack track. The streams are swift and shallow, and, with the exception of the Yukon, few of them may be utilized for other than small-boat navigation. Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Ogilvie declares that there is a wide field for profitable investments, and room for thousands of happy and contented homes. The proper development of the country depends much on the building of a road from some point in southwestern Alaska to a point on the headwaters of the Yukon.

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As to mining success, Mr. Ogilvie says: "If you have money and buy an interest in some paying claim, or are lucky enough to be on hand when a new strike is made, you escape hardships to a certain extent. But if you have to prospect for new grounds, it may be months and years before you will find gold in a quantity that will pay." Mr. Ogilvie's belief is that the man who stays at home and plods on his farm or in his shop or office is, in the vast majority of cases, better off, healthier physically and morally, and has had indefinitely more enjoyment of life than the man who devotes his life to the calling of every-day

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placer gold-mining. As soon as the tidings of the Klondike discovery reached Circle City and Forty-Mile, men threw up their claims and hastened to the new fields. At first there was fear of trouble because miners were crazed over the prospect, but cooler heads finally prevailed, and a meeting was held at which ground was allotted to each man. When the claims were cut, there was again a threat of trouble until Mr. Ogilvie arrived and resurveyed them. The miners accepted his ruling, and he preserved peace. As to the rumor of a dispute about the survey of the 141st meridian, Mr. Ogilvie justly says that there never was any dispute, never was cause for a dispute, and between two civilized, fairly honest countries there never can be any dispute. This is confirmed by General Duffield, the Superintendent of our Coast and Geodetic Survey, who declares that when the boundary-line between the two countries is definitely settled there will be no appreciable change from what is on the map at present. The ten-league coast-line in the southeastern portion of Alaska is quite another matter.

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Now that the Franco-Russian alliance is a fact and not a belief, more serious attention has been bestowed upon it, not only in the two countries most interested, but in others. In France the satisfaction is so great that it has been proposed to make M. Faure a life President, as a reward for his part in the negotiations. This proposal has, however, already met with a not surprising opposition, many Republicans fearing that it might be taken advantage of by the Royalists as one step towards monarchical re-establishment. Not a few Paris papers are crying that the time has now come to regain Alsace and Lorraine, and M. Méline, the Premier, has ventured openly to express the hope that they would be reunited to France. This has evidently reached the ears of the German Emperor, for, in his grandiloquent speech at Coblenz last week, he referred to the provinces as being among the richest of his dominions. Although the alliance is, in the words of the Czar, one to uphold "peace in the interests of right and equity," the Chauvinists declare that such a peace can be obtained only by the restoration of the lost provinces. In Russia the alliance seems likely to have a marked effect upon the people; the union of a Republic with an absolute autocracy could hardly do otherwise. Can it be possible, asks the Paris "Gaulois," for France, the most progressive nation in Europe, to rub shoulders with Russia, the most conservative, without imparting to the latter a little of her revolutionary virus? The journal adds: "We are acquainted with the effect of the Russian hymn on French heads. We shall soon know that which the Marseillaise produces on Russian heads." In Germany the best papers have been full of clumsy attempts at persiflage, yet not without a note of bitterness. Other papers, as at the time of the Kaiser's sudden telegram to President Kruger, have been discourteous and sometimes coarse. In England there has been perhaps the most serious interest. While that country has rather prided itself on its "splendid isolation," Continental conditions are now altered. In the accomplishment of a Dual Alliance England recognizes a force which, under certain circumstances, might possibly unite with the Triple Alliance in the solidarity of opposition. If, in the interests of peace, England had to choose between union with the Dual and with the Triple Alliance, there are reasons why she might favor the former.

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The interests of Russia and England are more united than might at first be apparent. While these are the two great world-empires, it is their good fortune that they have each an appointed sphere. Both should recognize the folly of rivalry. In China, India, Turkey, Egypt, their interests do not clash, as was once supposed to be the case. There should be no difficulty in coming to a clear conclusion regarding boundaries and spheres of influence. In this connection it is worth while to remember that England and Russia have accomplished a complete reversal of their Eastern politics. As M. Francis de Pressensé, the editor of the Paris "Temps," points out, they have made a *chassé-croisé;* they are now occupying each one just the position the other occupied twenty years ago. At that time Russia was alert to fall upon Turkey, and England to uphold the Sultan's dominion. To-day we see a waiting policy in Russia, and much of England is indignant because Lord Salisbury has not gone out alone to war with Turkey. England has forsworn her Turkomania, and Russia has given up the brutal simplicity of her method of conquest. Both have never been more ready for an agreement. "More than any other two powers, they have the ball

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of the Eastern question at their feet." If an understanding between them is desirable, one between England and France is also desirable. Such a friendship has existed at various times in the past, and neither country has lamented its fostering. There are several points on the globe where the interests of England and France clash, but the best French statesmen and publicists declare that not even in Egypt are these divergencies above the reach of well-meaning diplomacy. The Franco-Russian alliance, therefore, may possibly one day bring about another alliance. Will European armaments be increased? When Prince Bismarck heard of the alliance, he remarked: "This ought to warn our rulers against altering the basis of national defense." Despite this opinion, we venture to hope that the alliance will not be coincident with an increase of armaments, that intolerable burden on the producing classes. As has been well said, with abnormal military strength there must exist a tendency to magnify differences, and an impulse to resort to force. Sooner or later the common sense of European peoples will show them the folly of bending their necks to the yoke of militarism.

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There has been no fighting of any consequence on the Indian border the past week. The Afridis occupied the Kohat Pass for a single day, but retreated as the British forces advanced; the latter took possession of the Pass early in the week without opposition. The Afridis are now said to be assembled on the Samana range, and to number about 17,000. The Indian Government has pushed forward troops to Peshawur and other northern strongholds, and these forces, under the general command of Sir Bindon Blood, are now apparently ready for a forward movement intended to inflict signal punishment upon the Afridis and other Pathan tribes. The Ameer of Afghanistan has again asserted his innocence of any complicity in the action of the tribes, and has issued an order for the arrest of forty tribesmen, nominally subject to his control, who have aided the so-called Mad Mullah in inciting war. Suspicion still remains, however, that he may have indirectly promoted the attack on the Khyber Pass. The regular Indian native troops have shown no signs whatever of insubordination; they are being used freely in the advance against the tribesmen. There are half a dozen danger-points on and about the northwestern Indian frontier, but the likelihood of an organized and combined movement by the tribes seems to be diminishing. The expense of the present campaign will be enormous, and already the question is mooted as to whether India, already overtaxed and stricken by plague and famine, ought to be called upon to meet the expenditure necessary to maintain the British frontier.

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The Zionist Conference which was held last week at Basle, in Switzerland, was the culmination of the movement which has been growing for some time under the leadership of Dr. Theodor Herzl, who has been rather facetiously called a modern Moses. Agitation among the Jews looking to their final repossession of Palestine is no new thing, but the world has come to believe that the unity and ambition of the Jewish race have grown to be something apart from the question of actual residence. Dr. Herzl has, however, it appears, succeeded in stirring up strong interest among his people throughout the world in the future of Palestine. He says: "The idea of a Jewish State is not an idea of my own. It is the old, never dead, immortal idea of our people. No matter what certain gentlemen with monkish mendacity and jobbing selfishness may say, the Jewish people wishes to reassert itself, it longs for its country. It wants to return home free and happy." The Conference which has just closed was composed of delegates from many national societies. A committee was appointed to consider the project of raising a fund of $50,000,000 for the purchase of Palestine, and another committee was appointed with the interesting but less startling object of establishing a university in Jerusalem. The Zionist Conference itself will meet again next year in Jerusalem. It is asserted with some positiveness that Baron Edmond de Rothschild some time ago offered the Sultan of Turkey $50,000,000 for Palestine, agreeing that the country should still remain nominally under the sovereignty of the Porte, although it should have practical autonomy. Dr. Herzl's plan is said to include the forming of a limited liability stock company for the purchase of Palestine—an almost ludicrously up-to-date method of settling an ancient religious and race question. Our readers will not be inclined to attach undue importance to the Zionist movement.

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It is unquestionably interesting in many of its aspects; perhaps the main direct results will be seen in the attempts now being made to encourage Russian and Hungarian Jews to settle as colonists near Jerusalem. Such attempts in the past have not met with pronounced success, chiefly because the conditions of agriculture and business in Palestine are not such as to make the colonists readily self-supporting.

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Notwithstanding the United States law strictly prohibits the importation of liquor into Alaska for other than medicinal use, it has long been going freely in. Great quantities of poisonous stuff have been sold to the Indians at high prices, with more or less murder as the result. Complaints of this would seem at last to have been heard at Washington. A telegram from Skaguay, August 25, states that the price of whisky has suddenly jumped from $3 and $5 to $20 per gallon, "on account of the many seizures made by the new revenue officer." The next thing will probably be—if one may judge from experience—an attempt to get this faithful public servant removed on some trumped-up pretext.

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Bimetallism Abroad

"The Bimetallist," of London, publishes an abstract of the report of the Royal Agricultural Commission, which shows that this document is even more distinctively a triumph for bimetallism than earlier accounts indicated. Ten of the fourteen Commissioners who signed what is called the "main report" join in a "supplementary report" declaring that bimetallism is the one practical remedy for the depression of agriculture. All the Commissioners had agreed that "the chief cause of the existing depression is the progressive and serious decline in the prices of farm produce." The ten Commissioners who sign the "supplementary report" take this proposition as the basis of their argument, and urge that, since the fall in prices is due to the appreciation of gold, and the appreciation of gold is due to the demonetization of silver, therefore the English Government should combine with foreign powers to effect the remonetization of silver. What is even more to the satisfaction of bimetallists is the fact that Sir Robert Giffen, the extreme monometallist upon the Commission, agrees with his colleagues that the fall in prices is due to the appreciation of gold. With regard to the contention of David A. Wells and many other monometallists that the decline in the price of wheat from 1873 to 1896 has been due to the increase in the supply, Mr. Giffen recognizes the validity of the official statistics, and says: "Speaking broadly, the figures clearly suggest that the decline in wheat during the last twenty years is not due to any great growth of production in excess of the growth of the consuming population. The facts are rather the other way; the growth of the acreage under wheat has lagged behind the growth of population." He adds:

> It is a great misfortune, I consider, that some monometallists refuse to recognize the general fall of prices in the last quarter of a century as being, in economic language, an appreciation of gold, and as being explained by a contraction of gold (as compared with a previous period of expansion), which commenced about the year 1873. The facts are all beyond dispute. The crux of the question is, that whereas for twenty years before 1873, owing to the state of the gold supply and demand, the progress of invention, cheapening of means of communication, and the like influences were attended by no general fall of prices, but prices rather advanced, now, owing to the difference in the conditions of gold supply and demand, the progress of invention, cheapening of means of communication, and the like influences, have been accompanied by a fall of prices.

To Mr. Giffen, as to bimetallists, it is self-evident that if the supply of money had increased as rapidly after 1873, there would have been no fall in prices. Mr. Giffen further admits that bimetallism would result in a general rise in prices, but refuses to accept the belief of his ten bimetallist colleagues that this general rise in prices would help farmers.

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Mr. Low and the Republican Party

The question whether the Republican party shall nominate Mr. Low for Mayor of New York is one of more than local concern. Rightly or wrongly, the Republican party in the State, if not in the Nation, will be held responsible by the people for the action of the local leaders in the great metropolis. Their wisdom will enure to the credit of the party, their folly will discredit it throughout the country. The question, therefore, what course these leaders should pursue becomes

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one of more than merely municipal concern. In forming a judgment as to what that course should be, there are two quite distinct questions, and it is well to consider them separately: What will be its effect on the city? and, What will be its effect on the party?

There can be no question that the nomination of Mr. Low by the Republican party can have but one effect on the city, and that a beneficial one. If that party makes an independent nomination, the election of a Democratic Mayor would be hardly doubtful; and the nomination by the Democratic party of a Mayor wholly subservient to Tammany would be almost equally certain. If, on the contrary, all the elements of opposition to Tammany unite in supporting Mr. Low—and his independent nomination makes any other union impossible—there is a very fair chance of his election; and there is a moral certainty of his election unless a candidate is put up to oppose him whose character would serve as a popular guarantee of purity and efficiency in municipal administration. Whether, therefore, the result of Mr. Low's nomination by the Republican Convention should be his election or his defeat, in either case it would enure to the benefit of the city.

It appears equally certain that his nomination by the Republican party would be a distinct benefit to the party. It is true that Mr. Low has declared that he will not administer the office for the benefit of any party organization, but this is equally a pledge that he will not administer it for the purpose of injuring any party. It is as certain as anything human and future can be that the power and patronage of the city will not, in Mr. Low's hands, be used as a makeweight in any State or National election against the Republican organization. And it is between such a non-partisan administration and an administration in the interest of a Tammany Democracy that the Republican leaders have to choose. It is, indeed, possible that a Tammany administration might, by a series of bargains, furnish offices to some local Republican politicians; but whatever benefit this might confer upon individual Republicans, it would confer none upon the party. On the other hand, if the Republican party nominates Mr. Low and he is elected, his election will be due not less to the Republican party than to the Citizens' movement. The one is a party, the other is only a movement. It is avowedly local, it will probably be sporadic; while the Republican party is both National and permanent. Under such conditions not only will the credit of organizing the new city government in the interest of the public welfare be shared by the Republican party, but in any State or National election the entire benefit of that act will enure to the credit of that party. To have helped in such a crisis to make a model city of the Greater New York would be as distinct a political advantage to the Republican organization in future elections outside the city, as to have been blind to the opportunity, and thus have aided, even indirectly, in reviving Tammany rule, would be a political discredit and a political disadvantage.

From every point of view, therefore, it is the part of wisdom for the Republican organization to nominate Mr. Low; and it is to be hoped that the Republican leaders outside the city will, in the interest both of the country and of the Republican party, urge this course upon the local leaders, whose personal prejudices may otherwise get the better of their political judgment.

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President Andrews and Brown University

The protest against the attitude assumed by the Trustees of Brown University toward President Andrews gathered steadily in volume and weight until the Trustees, on reassembling at Providence last week, found themselves confronted with petitions from nearly all the alumni, with editorial remonstrances from nearly every important journal in the United States, except the daily papers of Greater New York, and by the unanimous condemnation of educators in all parts of the country. Some of these remonstrances were very plainly worded. The "New England Magazine," for example, declared that unless the University was "redeemed from the taint of forbidding her teachers the primary rights and primary duties of citizenship . . . the man who should take the office from which President Andrews has resigned would not only be despised by the professors who have defined the burden and the stigma which would fall upon him; he would be scorned as a public enemy by every high-minded American scholar." Ex-Secretary Olney, an alumnus of the college, in a letter to the professors who had prepared the now famous remonstrance, put in clear light the blunder that had been committed by the Trustees from the standpoint

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of checking the silver propaganda, and concluded as follows:

The true objection, however, to the course pursued toward Dr. Andrews by the Corporation of Brown University is its implied inculcation of the doctrine that an institution of learning should, above all things, get rich, and therefore should square its teachings and limit the utterances of its faculty by the interests and sentiments of those who, for the time being, are the rich men of the community. The demoralizing and degrading character of this doctrine your letter fully exposes, and thereby entitles you to the gratitude, not only of American citizens generally, but of all well-wishers to Brown University in particular.

When the Corporation met, nearly every member not away from the country was present. There was no time for the detailed examination of the great mass of petitions, and the body proceeded at once, behind closed doors, to consider President Andrews's letter stating his position, and the final report of the committee appointed to confer with him. We quote most of President Andrews's letter:

When I learned that the Corporation had appointed a committee to confer with me, foreseeing the danger of my misreporting them, I requested the committee to present me in writing the substance of the message. . . . My mind was not yet made up. The minutes given me I had not yet read. I needed time to ponder carefully their tenor. After reflection upon that note, I saw only one open path, and this I took, but I made the choice wholly without any spirit of defiance, anger, or vindictiveness. I reasoned this way; The Corporation must have known the facts: they cannot mean to deprecate my advocacy of international free coinage of silver, for probably to a man they voted for that. They have National free coinage in mind; therefore, what I have been doing for National free coinage—insignificant as it seems to me—they must somehow regard more seriously.

Any proposal which in my judgment bade fair to place the country's finances on a monetary basis of silver alone I should discountenance, and in any movement by our country to restore silver to its ancient monetary character I still insist that it is desirable to have the co-operation of other nations, no less than I did previously to 1896. I have simply changed to the belief that the United States's initiative is the surest, if not the only, way to secure such co-operation. But this changed belief I had in June never publicly advocated by so much as a single word; that is, while on a few occasions I have privately acknowledged as mine the theory of the United States's initiative, I have been reticent and careful to the very verge of self-respectability. Unable to comply with what appeared to me so extremely desired, I decided peaceably to surrender my office, and I deemed it my duty to proceed at once in order to give the Corporation all possible time to elect a successor.

The report of the Committee of the Trustees took the form of a letter to President Andrews, which was as cordial and liberal as any one could desire. So far from declaring that "without a change" in the President's attitude toward the silver question the University "would in the future fail to receive the pecuniary support which is requisite," the Committee assured President Andrews that the Corporation "in no way sought or desired the severance of our official relations, . . . but simply to intimate that it would be the part of wisdom for you to take a less active part in exciting partisan discussion and apply your energies more exclusively to the affairs of the college." The Committee expressed the desire to be guided by the noble provision in the charter of Brown which declares that "in this liberal and catholic institution all members hereof shall enjoy forever full, free, absolute, and uninterrupted liberty of conscience, which includes freedom of thought and expression." They conclude with a warmly worded request that President Andrews should withdraw his resignation. It is reported that no member of the Corporation voted against the adoption of this report. Whether or not President Andrews's engagement to conduct the Cosmopolitan University prevents his reconsideration of his resignation, the triumph of the friends of freedom of teaching is so complete that teachers throughout the country may feel a new independence in their professional position.

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The Speaking that Counts

Those who have heard much after-dinner speaking have not failed to notice that the really eloquent talkers always speak from their own standpoint and not from the standpoint of their hearers. They bring their own atmosphere; they are not content to breathe in and give out the atmosphere of the hour and the place. There are speakers whose words find momentary acceptance because they are on a level with the occasion; such men entertain, but do not influence; they induce people to laugh with them, but they are powerless to persuade people to act with them. If the hour is late, the air heavy with smoke, the attention relaxed, such men fall in with the general feeling and adapt themselves to the lassitude of the moment; they drop to its level. They take their note from

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their audience, not from their convictions. They are often successful in amusing their auditors, but they do not count; for in their more sober moods men resent the appeal to what is cheap and vulgar in them. They laugh as they listen, but the next morning they are disgusted with themselves and with those who have played to the meaner nature within them.

There are men who always speak on a level with an occasion, and there are men who invariably lift it; and the last are the only real speakers. The light touch, the quick wit, the gentle humor which plays like summer lightning round the edge of a subject, are consistent with the deepest seriousness; are, indeed, the qualities which give variety and charm to genuine speech. But no man who respects himself and his auditors is willing to be simply amusing; he must always strike the deeper note of an occasion and appeal to the finer instincts of those who listen. And the appeal of such a man is never made in vain; at the first thrilling note of deep earnestness the auditors become silent and attentive. The truest self in every man knows when it is spoken to, and instantly responds. Nothing shows more impressively the power of genuine emotion, of high thought, of noble speech, than the instant recovery of tone after hours of disconnected stories and forced humor. The man who rises to speak near midnight is lost if he takes the tone of the hour; but a wasted opportunity is saved in the last moment if he speaks out of the best that is in him to the best that is in his hearers. Like magic the air clears, a hush falls on the crowd, the weariness of cheap stories piled one on the other vanishes; a real voice is speaking at last, and a real voice never speaks in vain. Let a man give his best, and he not only stands on his own highest level, but he carries with him all who listen. Men go away feeling satisfied; they have received the tribute which is always due, but not always paid, to manhood. And what is true of the public dinner is true of all other occasions; the man who counts speaks always to the noblest aspect of a question and to the better natures of his fellows. One resolute man has it in his power to change the atmosphere of a community; to lift a discussion out of the mire; to organize a demoralized public opinion; to give voice and leadership to a silent and ineffective moral sentiment. In fact, leadership consists largely in following the lead of your own convictions instead of the opinion of your neighbors.

Sober Estimates not Somber

That the moral tone of society on the other side of the Atlantic, no less than on this side, is such that serious-minded men are sometimes tempted to take not only a sober but a somber view of it, appears from the report of a recent address at Oxford by the Bishop of Hereford. Many of the dreams of his youth, he said, had been unrealized.

> He did not know that he remembered a period in the course of his life in which personal greed was so prominent, and had such a strong grip on private, political, commercial, and industrial life, as it had at the present time. He did not know that he remembered a time in which it seemed easier to discard moral considerations of the highest kind; a man might do this and that and still be an honorable man.

Many of us could say the same. Yet it would be but half the truth. Whatever the Bishop could say for the more hopeful outlook in his own country, we could say for ours that one can remember no such vigorous resistance as there now is to the demoralizing tendencies undoubtedly at work. We cannot remember a time when so many were studying social problems in order to the cure of social evils; a time when so many remedial agencies were getting to work—good government clubs, municipal reform leagues, social settlements, etc.; a time when so many treatises on ethics were published, or ethical teaching in schools so insisted on, or periodical journals so given to the discussion of modern evils and their remedy or prevention. The pulpit may still need to become more strongly and wisely ethical in its teaching, but we cannot remember when it was so devoted as now to ethical reproof and instruction. The press, whatever it has yet to gain of independence or of clear appreciation of certain rights and wrongs, was never more pronounced than now in its exposure of vice and its condemnation of greed.

Before weeds can be grubbed up, they must grow somewhat. Disease must declare itself unmistakably before it can be treated wisely. Nor are the most efficacious remedies always the speediest. The clear-sighted and earnest reformer may always find encouragement in Cardinal Mazarin's reflection, "Time and I." Mere optimism and mere pessimism are equally enervating. An opti-

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mistic faith which is coupled with an estimate of its adversaries guaranteed against illusion by leaning, if at all, to the pessimistic view, is the best basis for that life of philosophic calm and philanthropic activity in which peace goes hand in hand with power to better the world.

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The Spectator

It has been the good fortune of the Spectator to come under the spell of Oxford more than once, and always with a deepened sense of those enchantments of the Middle Ages which still linger among her towers, and of which one of the most gifted of her sons has spoken in memorable phrases. There are losses involved in seeing the ancient seat of learning in the long vacation, but there are gains as well. The "young barbarians" no longer crowd the narrow streets; the great playgrounds are deserted; and the river is given over to idlers and pleasure parties. But one has the gardens largely for his own meditations. A tourist now and then appears in some arched doorway, looks about, Baedeker in hand, and then flits quickly on to the next college on his list. It is the old Oxford, venerable with years and rich in imperishable memories, which the Spectator finds about him, and in which he easily loses himself. And one must lose himself in Oxford to feel its deeper charm and discern its more illusive beauty. The High Street may be the most impressive street in Europe as it curves between Queen's and University Colleges; but the real Oxford is not in this noble thoroughfare; it is hidden away behind ivy-clad walls; it is to be found in depths of foliage such as grows nowhere outside its gardens.

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In this very richness of leaf and vine lie not only the beauty but the secret of Oxford. One feels in these fragrant places of silence the ripeness of a long history, the slow, continuous spiritual life of a great race. For Oxford, with its cloisters and gardens, has not only been a part of England, but has been, in a sense, its mirror and reflection. When Oxford has been stagnant, the higher life of England has been sluggish; when Oxford has been alert and ardent, the life of the country has been full and deep. "When there is fighting at Oxford, there is war in England," the old adage ran; and the broader movement of the nation has been predicted or reproduced decade after decade in the narrower life of the University. In Oxford one sees about him the successive stages of English architecture, and one recalls the successive epochs in English history and the successive phases of English thought. These gardens have more than once lost their academic quietness in the tumult of revolution; and here the fiercest currents of antagonistic opinion have met in final struggle. The turf of these gardens, soft and deep with centuries of loving care, and the vines which have become as trees with the lapse of years, are the visible records and remembrances of a spiritual history of which one may read in books, but which one enters into in a new way under the shadow of these towers.

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One feels everywhere in England the element which long human intercourse of the most intimate kind contributes to the landscape; man and nature everywhere working together to produce a gentle and varied loveliness which gives every detail of the scenery finish and order and charm. But this subtle enrichment of the soil with the work and companionship of forgotten generations is nowhere more deeply felt than in Oxford, where time has builded with a finer genius than the great founders and architects. The scholar and thinker live more intimately with their surroundings than other men; they are less active; they are always at home; they touch the things about them more constantly and closely. If it be true that something from the man passes into the walls which shelter him, it is not difficult to understand why Oxford casts such a spell upon the imagination. How many rare spirits have imparted something of themselves to these venerable houses and these shaded walks! Here they have meditated and loitered through years which have left no trace more ponderable than the light on the ancient dials; here they have dreamed and worked and waited; here they have endured and lost or won. Here, if one chooses to search for them, are the springs of some of the great movements which have stirred the world; and here, on every side, are places associated with poets, scholars, and statesmen whose story is the best heritage of a country rich in many imperishable things. Out of all this depth of experience, association, and history is diffused that atmosphere which envelops Oxford, and which is perhaps its most characteristic and

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precious quality. Many subjects are better taught elsewhere; there are in other places larger facilities for various kinds of work; but Oxford is pre-eminent among all the seats of learning for the atmosphere which stimulates the imagination and makes for ripeness of thought and taste, for that fine quality of mind which unites depth and vigor and sweetness in true proportions.

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But Oxford has other aspects of history, and one is reminded, as he walks through the quadrangles of University College, that the pathos and tragedy of life have nowhere left more indelible traces. There, on the right, are the windows of the room in which Shelley spent a few brief months; and a few steps bring one to the exquisite memorial which recalls with such poetic insight and feeling his exquisite genius and his broken career. Under the blue dome, starred and lighted from above, lies the white marble figure, wasted, worn, naked, and yet inexpressibly beautiful; as if tossed up by the sea and caught in a place of eternal quiet and rest. There is no spot in England more full of touching and appealing memories than this little room where the author of "Adonais"—the most beautiful of modern elegies—lies in effigy under the roof of his college. As one reads the words from "Adonais" which encircle the base of the dome, one feels again how happy it is that the ashes of Shelley are in the cemetery at Rome with the dust of Keats: two sons of song who rest together after the pain of that common life of suffering in which both shared.

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A few steps and one is again in a garden; and what has the world to show more beautiful! A background of old buildings hung with ivy; towers and spires in the distance; perhaps a bit of the old city wall at the back, with a great mass of deep-green foliage overhanging the broken bastion; a stretch of soft level greensward in front; long lines of flowers and rich masses of leaves concealing great trunks encircling the whole. Not an inch of ground is bare; everywhere life runs riot in leaf or color. The ivy hangs in great masses, the shrubs seem impenetrable, the massive trees sweep the ground with their branches. Overhead the sky is of a wonderful softness, and the clouds hang low as if they were on intimate terms with this quiet world of greenness. The rushing modern world lies so far away that it is inaudible; it ought to be easy in such places to hear the eternal voices, and to know, hour by hour, that the things of the mind are eternal, while the things of the hands are for the hour. Here, surely, knowledge, thought, and imagination ought to bear that fruit which ripens only in silence, solitude, and the long leisure of days that pass and leave no sound.

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The Vacation Fund

The falling off in the Vacation Fund last week was due, perhaps, to the belief that there is money enough to meet the opportunities of the present. This is not so. The opportunities are what our readers give through this Fund. A group of girls who stood the other day with shining eyes on the piazza at Uplands at Santa Clara, in the Adirondacks, were living evidences of what this Fund could do. One pretty, round-cheeked girl said, "I don't want to go home, but I must. The doctor told me this morning to go home and go to work." This was said as though it were, "Go home and take possession of a large fortune." Behind her stood one in a black dress, who said, with a tremble in her voice, "I could have gone only for the neuralgia;" then, as though she might not be quite polite, "But I'm glad to stay; it's lovely!" Not a girl is over twenty-five; some are hardly more than children; and they ask only that they may live to work.

THE VACATION FUND

SPECIAL GIFT

From an Unknown Friend	$5,000 00

FOR VACATION EXPENSES

Previously acknowledged	$5,969 51
A. M. K., Wenham, Mass.	50 00
K., South Norwalk, Conn.	5 00
H. F. B. R.	5 00
S. H., Brunswick, Me.	10 00
F. M., Norwalk, Conn.	10 00
W. H. L., Elmhurst, Ill.	5 00
H. M. M. and H. L. M., Long Lake, N. Y.	20 00
V. V., Oak Park, Ill.	2 00
Mrs. E. K. D., Chautauqua, N. Y.	5 00
H. F., Morristown, N. J.	1 00
Anonymous, Deep River, Conn.	1 00
Another Girl, Bath, N. Y.	5 00
From One who is Interested	10 00
South Williston C. E. Society	1 50
Sugar Hill	5 00
Mrs. L. H. L., Burlington, Vt.	2 00
Pompey Hill, N. Y.	2 00
B., New Milford, Conn.	10 00
Y. A. K., Chesapeake City	1 00
Germantown, Pa.	2 00
E. D. G., Princeton, N. J.	10 00
Parsonage Circle of King's Daughters, Andover, Mass.	1 00
In Memoriam H. L. V. P. and M. W. L.	25 00
S. Proctor, Vt.	2 00
	$11,160 01
One Membership	1 00
Total	$11,161 01

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The Social Side of Golf

By Hamblen Sears

THE day of the summer hotel has gone. The Daisy Millers are traveling in Europe marrying English noblemen. They are no longer in the United States at the seashore of a summer's day. The society life of the hotel, the practice of Daisy a-sitting upon rocks by the sea through all the day and most of the night, has given place to the house-party and the large summer place. Canoeing undertaken by the man who knows little and the girl who knows nothing of aquatics has retired before the life in large boats. In the place of the summer hotel the country club has made its appearance. In the place of "rocking," one finds the country club piazza employed as a means to the same end. Instead of pointless inaction and inane conversation, the fashion of athletic exercise has come upon us, in all its vigorous atmosphere dispersing the unhealthy humors of the older days. Finally, there have appeared to kill off the inaction of summer days the riding of the wheel and the game of golf. Other games there are and have been since men of the Anglo-Saxon race were healthy, but the day when a man and his wife or sister or sweetheart first took part in the athletic sport on something like equal terms is still very recent.

It would be difficult to overestimate what this means to the present and the coming race. For not only has the fashion for exercise induced women to undertake physical games to the unlimited benefit of their bodies, but the intercourse between men and women on the golf links is as different from their intercourse on the summer hotel piazza as is American civilization from that of the Shah. It is no longer the proper thing for a girl, whether married or unmarried, to have some complaint, to go to watering-places for her health and there do nothing to improve it. The grace of inaction has given place to that of action, as trains on damp lawns have given place to short skirts. That watering-place life of fifty years ago is responsible for some of our nervously prostrated daughters of twenty summers. At least city life has found in the summer resort a good second to help it in its work of weakening the American race; and if the women who have borne the present generation could have had the physical exercise their daughters are beginning to take now, what might not their sons and daughters be to-day? But if the fashion came late, it has nevertheless come, and it will show its results by and by.

In the meantime much is being done for the sons and daughters of to-day, not only in putting before them the fad of physical exercise, but in setting up a healthier social standard; and one of the best means for spreading this is the game of golf. No doubt golf came here to America in a first cabin, and no doubt golf was good because it was English before it became good because it was itself; but the day of the fad has given place to the day of the sport for its own sport's sake, and, whether it be English or Scotch, "smart" or middle class, it has taken possession of our athletic hearts and is doing them and their accompanying lungs and liver great good.

Naturally, there will be tournaments, handicap or otherwise. There must be club and American championships, which you and I do not enter. Yet, even so, there are clubs and American championships for women as well. But these are for the few, and are excusable and necessary as an ideal which shall serve to keep the sport alive and lead it to improvement year by year. The real value of the game is in the afternoon, the Saturday morning, even perhaps the Sunday game, when, in addition to its thorough but gentle exercise, it affords one a companionship and a social intercourse with the other sex of a most encouraging sort.

The game involves a material expenditure which places it beyond a large proportion of our fellows, but these are likely to know physical exercise in other ways, while those who will continue to walk upon the links, and drive and putt and talk, are the men and women who would not otherwise spend their time in an atmosphere as thoroughly healthy mentally as well as physically.

Furthermore, the exercise involved in the game, the lack of preparation required for the playing of an ordinary round, bring it within the reach of the office-bound business man, as well as of him who subsists upon unearned increments. Little practice is needed for the playing; much for perfection. Little training will allow you to play eighteen holes;

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and for this reason, staid married couples, grandfathers, and other people who are usually considered unathletic, have much to be thankful for in the game; for they have found therein an opportunity not alone for physical exercise, but for enjoying a pastime in each other's company. Young girls whose braids still hang straight are as easy in the presence of a hundred spectators as if they had lived through a dozen seasons; and they swing their clubs well through in a much better fashion than if they possessed what comes with such a dozen. Some one in Boston a short time ago objected to his sixteen-year-old daughter's proposed pilgrimage to Newport and Morristown to win championships, and he was summarily criticised as a narrow-minded bean-eater. Wherefore it would appear that, so long as the links is the fad of the hour, any one and every one may take up the game and play it with propriety, whatever be his or her age or station in life.

The extent of this growth in golf clubs is remarkable. In the vicinity of New York, the Tuxedo, Morristown, Southampton, Westchester, St. Andrews, Ardsley, Rockaway, Meadowbrook, Staten Island Clubs, not to mention many smaller ones, are not alone country clubs now. They have taken on a new phase of their existence, which draws to them a larger proportion of the members and insures a more frequent use of the clubs by members than heretofore. The links have drawn women to the grounds who had never accompanied their husbands or fathers before, except to witness some particular match. In any one of these clubs one may see on Saturdays and Sundays, and all through the week for that matter, a goodly number of men and women enjoying the outdoor life in an unconventional, natural manner that means much for the individual as well as for society. The conversation, the bearing of the parties to these new conditions, are simple and healthy in fact as well as in comparison with what they used to be on such summer occasions, or rather the occasions which approached as near to these as our progenitors came a quarter of a century back. And as the fad of golf disappears and the liking for the sport for its own sake grows, the social intercourse becomes freer and simpler.

The game is in this respect a sign of the times. Perhaps the extraordinary growth which it has shown in its short life of less than ten years is due to the demand for a franker, more intimate life between men and women. Certainly this change in the look of the country club, in the very growth of the country club itself, is a long stride in that direction. Golf courses springing up by the score each year are creating the same social outdoor life; for many of them, with their houses intended primarily for golf purposes, but soon turned into country clubs, are the places for the afternoon social intercourse of the communities which they include. How few are the years that have gone since a woman who frequented country clubs was considered a "trifle horsey," a "little fast," and so on! And now the women outnumber the men, especially in golf, because here is something wherein they can make a reputable showing on even terms with their friends of the other sex. Tea does not precisely take the place of whisky, but "afternoon tea," which perhaps is not confined absolutely to the Chinese weed, being distinctly an affair where woman presides, has supplanted the hasty drinking times of the older club.

Furthermore, as most of us, after all, like the natural rather than the conventional, provided the former is decided to be good form, it is almost pathetic to see how one grasps at this simple game, since one may be natural there at any rate. This influence spreads beyond the limits of the courses. Many a dinner to-day, whether in town or in the country, is brightened by a subject for reasonable discourse furnished to those who are not overburdened with the power of conversation nor weighed down with an abundance of ideas. Not that Golfiana in itself is a subject which will usurp discourses on matters of moment in literature, science, and art, but that it is an influence in its way tending to bring the sexes on a more even footing, where man does not have to drop a certain part of his existence when talking to woman, and *vice versa*.

The building up of golf clubs is an object worthy of more praise, therefore, than at first appears, and, expensive as the grounds are and as the actual playing of the game itself is, there appears to be a future for it among large classes of people who do not, as a rule, allow themselves the luxury of a country club. Lawn-tennis became after a while the property of anybody, because, if we did not have sufficient turf on our own grounds, we could easily get up a little club among ourselves. In like manner, once the grounds are secured for a set of holes, golf may become available for the many. It only requires the general de-

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mand to cause the supply to be furnished at a possible figure. In Van Cortlandt Park to-day, at the upper end of New York, there is a public links, where any one may play with perfect propriety at a minimum cost to himself. Such grounds will no doubt become more numerous as time goes on and as the demand for them increases; yet one set of links is enough to occupy a great many golfers at the same time. If the game can grow normally, that is, of its own accord, into dimensions sufficiently large to include a goodly number of the healthy portion of our communities, we shall have a constant force at work to keep the relations of men and women strong, healthy, and frank. For this purpose the links does not necessarily have to be of the best. Any country place affords fields enough at a low rental for such a purpose, and the less fertile the land the more favorable it is, to a certain extent, for golf purposes. The chief expenditure, then (necessary for the playing of the game), comes in the care of the greens, in the purchase of the clubs and balls, and for caddies. All this is possible if the people only want it, and that point they seem to be approaching fast.

The Exploration of the Yukon in 1866

By Jane Marsh Parker

NOW that everything pertaining to the great river Yukon is of paramount interest, that well-nigh forgotten gigantic failure of the century, the Russian or Collins Telegraph (an extension of the Western Union), is once more brought to mind. This line was to connect the telegraph system of the United States with that of Russia, via British America, Russian America (Alaska), Behring Straits, across the steppes of Arctic Siberia to the mouth of the Amoor. It was a project which, but for its defeat after its route of more than six thousand miles had been fully explored, thousands of telegraph poles cut and transported where needed, station-houses and magazines built, roads cut at immense labor and cost, would have made the Western Union virtually the owner of the best part of Alaska; for at the time when the news came that the Atlantic cable was a success, it had been decided by Hiram Sibley, President of the Western Union, who had negotiated the matter with the Russian Government with authority to act, that the Company should pay $750,000 for a perpetual lease to a tract from one hundred and fifty to three hundred miles in width, extending inland from the coast—the best of the barren territory. It was thought a narrow escape for the Western Union that the purchase had not been completed when the click of the Atlantic cable came as the death-blow of the Overland (August 26, 1866).

The four divisions of the expedition—British Columbia, the Yukon, Siberia, and the Anadyr—did not hear the news of the cable's success for months after. "How the bad news came to Siberia" is told by George Kennan in the "St. Nicholas," November, 1896.

When the fleet of the Overland sailed from San Francisco in the summer of 1865, great and widespread was the public rejoicing. "Russian" stock was booming; "Atlantic" was down to *one and a half;* only "lunatics like Field" were buying "Atlantic." The fleet was quite a navy—some thirty steamers and sailing vessels—the Saginaw, of the United States Navy; ships of the Imperial Squadron of Russia; and a British ship of the line to follow in time. One hundred and twenty men were enlisted in various capacities—George Kennan among them, who wrote his first book as one result of this expedition, "Tent Life in Siberia;" Frederick Whymper, afterwards author of "Our Arctic Province;" H. W. Elliott, of "Travels in Alaska and the Yukon;" Thomas Knox, who wrote "The Boy Travelers;" Richard J. Bush, of "Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow-Shoes;" and William H. Dall, the authority upon "Alaska and Its Resources"—names telling much for the character of the employees of the Company.

Two cables were a part of the cargo—one for Behring Straits, the other for the Bay of Anadyr.

The Yukon branch of the expedition is of most interest at present; its little steamer, the Anson Stager, was the first craft of the white man to enter the mouth of the Yukon and go sailing up its wide waters.

"Where under the sun did you come from?" cried out the traders at Fort Yukon.

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Up to that moment they had believed what the maps taught, that the Yukon emptied into the Arctic Ocean. "We are the only party," wrote Dall, "who up to 1866 have descended from the Upper Yukon to the sea by river." The standard map of the Yukon was drawn from surveys made by the scientific corps of the Overland.

When the telegraph to the Klondike is completed, let it not be forgotten that on New Year's Day, 1866, the first telegraph pole in the Yukon Valley was erected, near Nulato Bay—the telegraph boys making of it a flagstaff for the Stars and Stripes, and giving it a grand salute of thirty-two guns, to which was added the explosion of an old Russian blunderbuss. No doubt they sang what they were much given to singing:

In eighteen hundred and sixty-eight—
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The cable will be in a miserable state,
And we'll all feel gay
When they use it to fish for whales.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-nine—
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We're going to finish this overland line;
And we'll all feel gay
When it brings us good news from home.

Whymper tells how the bad news came to St. Michael's. The "boys" had had a hard winter digging post-holes on snow-shoes—six holes a big day's work. Nor did they enjoy living in the huts of the natives on a fare composed largely of reindeer entrails and tallow. They had not received orders to start for home, but they knew it would be folly to wait longer than was necessary. Not until June, 1867, did the party on the Upper Yukon hear the great, and to them depressing, news, and nearly a year after the Overland had been abandoned the poor fellows were digging post-holes, surveying and exploring, and heroically enduring terrible hardships. When they did hear the news, they hung the poles that had been erected with all the black cloth they could spare—weird monuments of a defeated success. Their abandoned stores were left to the natives—not the cables; those went back to Henly, the maker of them. The Indians were overjoyed, of course, at the bountiful supply of firewood left for them in the poles stacked in great piles along the route.

If the Western Union *had* bought a perpetual lease to Alaska before the sale of the whole territory to the United States; *if* the telegraph boys in digging post-holes *had* discovered gold, how different the story of the Western Union Extension, or Russian Collins Overland Telegraph!

"I have no doubt," wrote Kennan, "that years from hence, when Macaulay's New Zealander shall have finished sketching the ruins of St. Paul's and shall have gone to Siberia to complete his education, he will be entertained by stories of how crazy Americans once tried to build an elevated railroad from the Okhotsk Sea to Behring Straits."

The purchase of Alaska by the United States not long after Hiram Sibley's negotiations for a perpetual lease of a route through the province was the result of those negotiations. The rebate clause of the contract, for which Hiram Sibley stood so doggedly—exacting a rebate on *all* Western Union dispatches—had been signed by Count Tolstoï, and his Majesty the Emperor had sanctioned the same, when the success of the cable (chiefly that of underrunning the lost cable of 1865, giving "the Atlantic" two cables at once), made it most expedient for "the Russian" to withdraw from the race for the earth's electric girdle, and to give up securing a lease of the best of Russian America. "It is a proof of the strength of the Western Union Company at that period," writes Reid in his "Telegraph in America," "that it footed the bill of the Russian expedition, *three millions of dollars*, without a shiver, and without at all reducing the market value of its stock."

A Continuous Quest

By Madeleine Yale Wynne

I met a blind man one day; he seemed to be searching for something.

"What are you looking for?" I asked him.

"I am looking for myself," he said, wistfully.

That seemed to me such a foolish answer that I concluded he must be daft as well as blind; but to humor him I said: "But if you are blind, how can you be sure when you do find yourself? and how do you look for yourself?"

"I go by echoes," answered he.

"By echoes? Truly that is a novel way; will you explain to me how that is?"

The blind old man was pleased with my interest, and said: "It seems to me all the

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time that I hear echoes of myself, and yet when I follow them to their source I never seem quite to find myself."

"Indeed," said I, to encourage him; "that is sad."

"Yes, it is sad never to quite find one's self," said he. "I heard a poet sing only yesterday, and there was a something in his song that sounded to me quite like myself. I went to him straightway, for his song was very clear and I had no difficulty in finding him; but though I spoke to him many times and in various tongues, yet he heard me not, or he seemed not to hear; he went on with his singing. If he had eyes, he must have seen me; and had he ears, he must have heard me; but he did not answer. I said to him: 'The song thou singest, or a part of it at least, is mine. Tell me, if thou wilt, who thou art? Methinks thou 'art myself—my better self?" But he did not answer, and I had to come away."

"'Tis sad," said I. "Tell me more."

"There is yet much more I could tell thee, and yet sadder. I saw an evil man but lately; he was being carried to prison for some heinous crime; and when I heard him speak (for he railed bitterly)—I hardly like to tell thee this—but when he spoke of his crime some old echo of myself lay in his words. So I followed him trembling, for I feared greatly that at last I had found myself in this piteous creature. 'Tell me, man of sin,' I whispered in his ear, 'tell me thy name and thy history: art thou *myself?*' But though I plucked him by his coat and plead with him, running by his side to keep up with the swift feet of his keepers, still he seemed not to notice me, nor to care that I ran by his side."

"That was truly singular. Was he greatly like you?"

"He seemed like me in part, but not wholly so; yet there was something in the echo of his voice that was very like some old trait in me."

"And what else have you met?"

"So many echoes," said the old man, in a bewildered way—"so many echoes that sometimes I tremble lest there be no real *me*. I will tell thee yet more. I heard the prayer of a holy man; it was night, and he did not know that I was near him; his words were so greatly spiritual that I cried aloud to him, 'Blessed man, give to me my own: thou speakest the words that lie in the innermost depths of my heart; thou revealest my soul unto itself in its holiest mood; art thou not truly my own self, the glorified me?' But, though I cried out again and again, he heard me not, and by and by my words came back to me, and they sounded so strange and unmeaning that I became silent at last, knowing I could not make that holy man hear me. Clearly he was not myself, or at least I feared he was not; how can I tell—I have so often been mistaken? Once I met a vast crowd of men with music and banners; they were going out to welcome a Hero; and when that Hero spoke of the battle and of the great deeds done by others—for he was reticent about himself—I said: 'Thou art the man who can tell me where to find myself. I must have been one among the many who led the way to victory;' and at the words my heart beat so that I feared he would see me trembling with the hope. But at that moment I heard a stifled groan at my side, and I saw that one stood by me who suffered greatly, and I heard him say, as if to himself, 'I should have been that Hero, but in the midst of the fight, when the deed waited to be done, a great fear fell upon me; and while I paused for the fear to pass away, the moment had fled.' Then I heard the tears fall, for the man wept at the memory; and I wept with him, for I felt that that man standing there was *myself*. I was not the Hero, as I had vainly hoped; but I knew from the echo of his words in my heart that I was he who had been vanquished by fear.

"'Cease thy weeping, poor man,' said I. 'Thou art *myself*. I have found in thee my poor self.' But he did not heed my words, and I was forced to leave him there alone; for while we spoke the Hero and the multitude had moved on."

"And is that all?" I asked, for the man was silent, and by his forward-bent head I judged that he listened to something that I did not hear.

"No, not nearly all; but dost thou not hear the low murmur of a brook near by?"

"I hear no brook," said I, "but I think there may be a stream yonder, under those willows."

"Yes, there is a brook there; I hear it; and there is in its sound a something that is strangely familiar; it must be that I hear the echo of a brook that I knew when I was a boy. I remember, now, I sat one spring day by a brook under some willow-trees and listened to the sound of the running waters; dost thou think it possible—can it be that I may have forgotten to come away from the

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meadow, and that if I go again down there I may find myself still sitting under the willows?"

He certainly was mad, and yet there was something strangely fascinating in the quest of the old man. I left him trying to find himself down by the brook. And now the echo of what he said comes to me like something I might have said myself. I wonder if it can be that that blind old man that I met was myself looking for myself? I think that I, too, will go down into the green meadow, under the willow-trees, and try to find him by the brook.

The Theology of Our Hymns

By the Rev. W. Garrett Horder

Author of "A Treasury of American Sacred Song," etc.

In Two Parts—I.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW once said, "Religion is man's consciousness of God. Theology is man's theory of God." Of the former, hymns cannot be too full. Of the latter, the less in them the better. The theologian's success is the hymnist's failure.

It must be frankly admitted that the characteristic theology of each age has been more or less reflected in its hymnody. Indeed, theological considerations first brought hymns into general use. Bardesanes and the Gnostics sought to propagate their distinctive views by means of hymns, and the orthodox party soon followed their example.

It is most probable that the earliest hymns used in the Church of the first centuries were little more than extensions of those in Scripture. The "Gloria in Excelsis" is but an adaptation of the Angel-song, "Glory to God in the Highest," to which were added an ascription of praise to the three persons of the Trinity, a prayer to the Lamb of God, based on John the Baptist's great declaration, and an appeal to the ascended Christ. Indeed, the earliest hymns of the Church reveal the scruples which then prevailed against the use of any save Scripture words. All that was then attempted was an extension of these to the fuller Christian experience of the first believers. This was felt to be necessary, since all the great songs of the New Testament, like the "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis"—save, of course, the lyric passages in the Epistles, believed by some to have been used as hymns, and the great outbursts of the Apocalypse—were the outcome of experiences which could hardly be deemed, in the fullest sense, Christian.

The earliest of the Christian hymns we possess is that of Clement of Alexandria (170–220) appended to his "Pædagogue," though some believe it to be from another hand. In it there is little of distinctive theology, though what there is points to the Incarnation.

Another very early hymn—it was old in Basil's time (A.D. 370)—is that used as a thanksgiving at lamp-lighting—the vesper, as the "Gloria in Excelsis" was the matin, hymn of the early Church. Here, too, the Incarnation forms the prominent note. This was to be expected, since the thought of that age was dominated by the glory of that great fact, which is reflected in all the hymns of that time which have come down to us.

Disregarding chronological order, if we turn to the later hymns of the Greek Church, we find a like prominence given to the same doctrine, and, in harmony with it, a large use of the events of our Lord's life on the earth. The hymns of that Church in our hymnals, which we owe to the skillful adaptation and translation of Dr. I. M. Neale, in the great majority of cases spring out of incidents in our Lord's life. Hence their picturesqueness and warmth of coloring. It has been well said: "While in the English hymn the Scripture fact, or type, or doctrine is the text or motto, and the body of the hymn consists of the human blessings, warnings, or enlightenments that flow from it, the mind of the Greek poet rests and delights in the Revelation itself, and leaves the human references subordinated, hinted, or unexpressed. Visible everywhere, this contrast is most marked in the absorbed rapture with which the Greek poet hymns the divine perfections and the Incarnation, when compared with our self-regarding mode of praise. This habit of thought, however, has its disadvantages. By the discouragement of the development of human emotion, aspiration, and benefit, the range of

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subjects and reflection is narrowed. It is impossible to avoid the conviction that the great bulk of Greek hymns would have had a richer value if they had sought for inspiration in the deep spiritual analysis of St. Paul or in the interpretation of the changing moods of the soul which are of such preciousness in the Psalms."

One feature of the later hymns of the Greek Church is hidden from us in our Protestant hymnals. I mean their Mariolatry; this lowers their conception of the Incarnation, which otherwise they would express so finely. Mrs. Charles says: "Invocations to the Mother of God, 'The All Holy,' crowd thicker and thicker in these later hymns; and if Mohammedanism had not broken all the strings at once, there seems a danger that they would have fallen of themselves into more and more jarring discord."

When we turn to the hymns of the Latin Church, we are in quite another atmosphere. Warmth gives way to coldness; the glow and color of the picture to the reserve and sharpness of outline of the statue. In a word, we pass from Eastern to Western skies. In the earlier hymns of this Church we find a like stress laid on the Incarnation, but it is treated in a different way—less as an object of praise, and more as an inspiration to Christian life. In these hymns the ethical element is very pronounced, and expressed, not in general terms, but carried out into minute detail.

This is markedly the case with the Ambrosian hymns. This, it may be, is partly due to the occasion which called them forth. They were written to employ, and probably to keep from baser song, the watchers who protected the good Bishop Ambrose from the troops of the Empress. This, taken in connection with the deeper interest in such questions which possessed the Roman mind, may account for their keenly ethical character.

In mediæval times other elements emerge. The Incarnation-idea, with its issues, falls into the background, and the Cross and Passion come more fully into view. Growing out of these, a value and glory are ascribed to the carnal side of the death of Christ, whilst out of this grew a sacramental view of the blood of the Great Sufferer. An example of this may be found in the "Pange Lingua Gloriosi" of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Another feature is noticeable in many of these mediæval hymns, especially the later ones—an ardent longing for another world. This is specially marked in the "De Contemptu Mundi" of St. Bernard of Clugny, from which "Jerusalem the Golden" and other centos have been drawn. In other parts of this hymn, which have not found their way into our hymnals, there is, as its name implies, a thoroughgoing contempt for the world, out of which, of course, sprang the longing for another one. Indeed, the whole hymn, save in a few parts, is a satire on the vices and follies of the age.

In the other Bernard (of Clairvaux) we find a glorification of the body of Christ—the physical body—in his "Salve Caput Cruentatum," in which fifty lines are devoted to each of the limbs of our Lord. This is the poem from which the cento, "O Sacred Head Once Wounded," has been taken. More spiritual, however, is his well-known "Jesu Dulcis Memoria," from which we get "Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee," and other centos.

In the hymns of the Latin Church on the Holy Spirit there is of necessity a more spiritual treatment, since in this realm there is no carnal element to be perverted.

In the earliest of English hymns—the earliest written, though not the earliest to come into use—there is comparatively little of distinctive theology. And the reason is obvious: they were written by men with literary and poetic rather than theological tendencies; such as Sandys, Wither, Herrick, Herbert, Sir Thomas Browne, Milton, and Austin. And so it comes to pass that this age of ours, which is impatient of an enforced theology and leans more to the religious spirit, is falling back upon and finding delight in these hymns.

When we reach Dr. Watts, we find greater perfection in the hymnic form, but a more didactic and theologic expression. Watts is at once the noblest and worst hymnist—touching at his best the heights, and at his worst the lowest depths, in hymnody. When he is distinctively theological, he is mechanical and courtly in his idea of God, and formal in his conceptions of the work of Jesus Christ.

When he is steeped in the untheologic spirit of the Psalms (for in the modern sense there is little of theology in the Psalms), he rises to the highest. It would be difficult to say which is the greater, "I'll praise my Maker with my breath," or "Our God, our Help in ages past." Judged by public use, the latter; for it is probably the most frequently sung of any hymn in the English language—on occa-

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sions joyful and sorrowful, at marriages and burials. It is only the untheologic hymn which attains to this kind of use among all classes—Conformists and Nonconformists, orthodox and heretical alike.

When we reach Charles Wesley, we are in another atmosphere—very theologic, and yet very untheologic. Very theologic where the lyric fire burns low, very untheologic where that fire burns brightly. The best elements in Charles Wesley were due to the influence of William Law and the Mystics. If Law had not taught him, Charles Wesley's lyre would have given out few but prosaic and theologic notes. John Wesley would have made the hymn-book a manual of practical divinity; but Law's influence preserved it, to a large extent, from that worst of all fates which can overtake a hymn-book. Even where the theologic element asserts itself, it is transfigured by emotion. Mr. Beecher well says: "The love element of this school has never been surpassed."

With the waning of the Methodist fire came in another didactic and theological time, which lasted till the earliest years of this century, broken only by the poetic gift of William Cowper and the strong emotion of John Newton in their Olney Hymns.

Even these were marred by the morbid thoughts of Cowper and the crude conceptions of Newton; but in the case of Cowper, poetry, and in that of Newton emotion, saved them, and preserved their hymns alive.

With the waning of the Calvinistic theology, and through the growth of the spirit of poetry, a better time succeeded. Montgomery may perhaps be regarded as the leader of the new movement, into which Bishop Heber soon threw himself, asserting the right of hymns to have a place, if not the highest, in the ranks of poetry.

Dr. Martineau credits Heber with being "the first to liberalize the style of poetry designed for our churches, and bringing all the resources of lyric poetry—the poetry of the affections—into the service of religion."

Heber, even more than Montgomery, marks the dividing line between the old theologic and didactic style of hymn and the modern untheologic and poetic style—a style which at first was, and is still in some quarters, resisted. Fault was found with Heber because his hymns carried the poetic element to its utmost point. Josiah Miller says of his hymns: "They are usually distinguished by a rhetorical flow and an elevation of manner and imagery which threaten to take them out of the class of hymns, and rob them of that pious moderation we ordinarily expect to meet in such productions."

But has that prophecy been fulfilled? Quite the reverse. Dr. Julian, in his investigations for the Dictionary of Hymnology, came to the conclusion that every hymn of Bishop Heber's is now in common use. "Pious moderation" will not keep hymns in, but rather put them out of, use; while the poetic element, which of necessity throws distinctive theology into the shade, or fuses it in the glow of its emotion, will alone enable hymns to retain their hold on the affections of the Church at large. Space will not permit this hasty review to be carried further; nor is there need, as with Heber began the modern school, which recognizes, though not so fully as it should, that a hymn is not a hymn save as it is touched with the ethereal spirit of poetry.

Reading for Children[1]

By Alice A. Chadwick

A marked feature of the educational changes of the last thirty years has been the dilution of mental nourishment for the young. In the books written for them this has been notable. Many children of twelve are so habituated to the mere comfortable stir of pleasure or pain that response to strong emotion is the result of unwilling effort. I know the children love Miss Alcott; and I am sorry to be sorry that they do. If you ask why, I ask you, in turn, to compare this author with Mrs. Ewing. Take them on any ground—character-drawing (which is, perhaps, Miss Alcott's strong point), the picture-quality of the description, truth to nature, the tendency to subjective thought, the clearness and cleanness of the English—and, at the end of the comparison, decide for yourself which will leave the child's mind most natural and wholesome, most drawn to the influences beyond its own small personality, most charged with the electricity of the ideal. Miss Alcott's mission was to the mother; to open her heart to a more delicate, sensitive sympathy with all the moods of the child.

Compare Mrs. Burnett with herself. Put

[1] Extract from a lecture upon "The Novel," delivered before the Fathers' and Mothers' Congress, Brooklyn, May, 1897.

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the sweet idealism of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" against the morbidness of "Little Saint Elizabeth"—the delicacy and truth of "The Proud Grain of Wheat" against the falsity of the fairy tale under the same cover. Let us look upon all children's books as the unconscious path toward literary discrimination. If we do this, we shall find that the child fed upon the "Rose in Bloom" or "The Birds' Christmas Carol" may easily pass on to the incompleteness of "Marcella," the unstable feverishness of "Saracinesca," or the crude inanity of "A Modern Instance." But the boy who reads "Jackanapes" and "Hector" will not tire of Walter Scott's true knights, nor of Cooper's simple heroes; and the girl who has wandered in "Mary's Meadow," or traveled with "Donald and Dorothy," will fill fancy's cup to the brim out of the sweetness of "Malcolm" or of "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest."

Yet I fully realize that there is an aside to all this. Growing children have, mentally as well as physically, an immense stowage capacity. There seems a necessity for a great amount of provision which shall become waste material—taken in and thrown off—somehow helping in the building, yet leaving no conscious trace. If we look at this fairly, we shall not incline to the dogmatism of discarding all literature which seems to be only temporary. Let us glance at our own past. I wonder how many of us can recall the devoted absorption of "The Lost Heiress," the dizzy ecstasy of "Linda," or the "Young Pilot of the Belle Creole," the pensive tears over "Ruth Hall," and the swallowing by the quart of the milk-and-water romance furnished by the serials of the day. And yet we survived it, with some sort of mental brace! Then, looking through the mass of new material, we may realize how much power the world of literature is for the child of to-day; how much there is which he may read and discard, just as he gathers wild flowers and throws them away. Bending again and again to gather more, breathing deep of the forest air, he drinks in happiness and comes to no harm. I feel that I pay Mr. Black no feeble compliment when I say that all his stories (of course after "The Princess of Thule") make beautiful waste material. The wind blows and the sea dimples in glad waves, and white boats skim in the dancing sun, and, lo! a fair young man who breathes of the forest loves a maid whose eyes are blue with the look of the sky and whose cheeks are wet with ocean spray, and all is innocent and fresh and true to sweet young life.

And I am not inconsistent in asking that, through all these elements, the child may be led into a faithful friendship for a few books. It is a truism that the most exquisitely sympathetic friend under the sun is a book. But as in the press of purely social life personal friendship has much of the touch-and-go element, and misses the depth and integrity of continued association in a quiet home, so, in a butterfly flight through multitudinous books, our child loses the comfort and development of reading and re-reading and reading again the single book which may become an integral part of his own thought. An educator of prominence once said to me, "While the general literary level is raised, there is very little literary taste and almost no love of literature." Now, true taste and true love belong to a certain exclusiveness. There are minor pleasures which ought to be possible to our children—the deep breath at the beauty of binding, the thrill of the fingers as they press responsive paper, the gladness of the eye in margin and type and uncut edge. But they must realize, beyond peradventure, that character is made, not by the many books one reads, but by the few one loves to read; by the slow and exquisite inbreathing of literary solitude. Thus may they be led into that dear companionship in which the beloved book is held unopened by the fireside, or carried through quiet fields with the habitual finger marking the place which needs no marking—opened again and again to read the words which are buried so deep they need no reading.

Let me draw a picture:

Your boy is sitting on a hillside, overlooking a broad river with far sloping hills beyond. He has, for the third or fourth time, finished reading "Harold." As his eyes dream off into the horizon, back over hill and river ring the tones of that divine invocation:

"The tombless shade of the kingly freeman still guards the coasts and rests upon the seas. . . . And whenever, with fairer fates, Freedom opposes Force, and Justice, redeeming the old defeat, smites down the armed frauds that would consecrate the wrong—smile, O soul of our Saxon Harold! smile, appeased, on the Saxon's land!"

Can you not see that, for the time, he has passed beyond the narrow hedge of daily life, and the grand possibilities of time are entering into and broadening his being?

And the very impulse of the noble language

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of this book pushes me toward my last two points.

First, I enter a petition for good English. Since it is the order of both nature and custom that our young people shall read novels, let us give them those which pay a seemly respect to the mother tongue—those which add the comeliness of the "outward and visible form" to the inspiration of the "inward and spiritual grace." The shortest story should have a conscience for its English. For, as a fine array of meaningless words cannot touch the heart, so a noble thought in uncouth garb is degraded from that harmony which is a potent influence in true culture. Then away with the sealed and stamped and advertised waters of fiction, chemicalized with a sparkle to restore jaded appetite! Lead these thirsty children back to their birthright—the keen glow and refreshment of deep draughts from "the well of English undefiled."

Finally, I ask that our children make their firmest friendships with those novels which light up the heroic ideals of the English-speaking race. Surely we would grow to that comprehensive patriotism in which all ideals, wherever realized, are our own. But there is no breadth of view outside the foundation of compact understructure; and as the truest devotion to humanity grows out of close love of home, so the widest conception of brotherhood among nations has its tap-root in motherland patriotism.

Then this is the *noblesse oblige* of our children's birth into the aristocracy of fiction: that while in due time the branches of their enthusiasm shall nest the birds which fly from north, from south, from east, from west, yet that enthusiasm shall be rooted deep and strong in the idealized nobility, courage, endurance, love, and true-heartedness of the Saxon race.

A Plea for Reverence [1]

By Lyman Abbott

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge."—Proverbs i., 7 (f. c.).

Reverence is the alphabet of religion. As you cannot acquire knowledge without the knowledge of the alphabet, so you cannot acquire anything of the religious life without the spirit of reverence. Analogous to this is another text, "The fear of the Lord is the fountain of life." The river Jordan, it is said, springs full and free from a great fountain in the rocks. The great river starts there. So, says the sacred writer, life begins with reverence; and reverence must pervade the whole life. Correlative is another text in the same Book of Proverbs, "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him." The man who knows it all knows nothing. He does not even know his own ignorance. An idiot is said to be much more difficult to cure than a lunatic; and this book says that there is more hope of curing an idiot than there is of curing a self-conceited man. Self-conceit is precisely the negative of reverence. It is the absence of the spirit that looks up to anything above us. It is the spirit that leads one to say, "I am the greatest and the best." Thus, on the one hand, self-conceit is said to be the fountain of death, and reverence the fountain of life.

There are many conditions in our American life which tend to produce the spirit of self-conceit, and tend to counteract the spirit of reverence. Whatever virtues may be distinctively American, humility is not one of them. We are not in danger from thinking too little of ourselves, nor from looking up too much to others who are above us, or even to the One who is above us. The absence of any traditions in America tend against the spirit of reverence. Across the ocean, in the Old World, we stand in cathedrals a thousand years or more old, in the presence of customs hoary-headed with antiquity; we walk by the city walls which have seen many a battle between liberty and despotism; and these old cathedrals, these old cities, these old customs, awaken in us some spirit of reverence. But we have no such cathedrals, no such old city walls, no such historic places, in America—or very few; we are without traditions; the time has not yet come for them. I am glad that we are beginning to try to cultivate the spirit of respect for tradition. I am glad that the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution are beginning to turn our thoughts backward, and to give us reverence for our fathers.

The absence of any class distinctions in

[1] A sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Stenographically reported by Henry Winans and revised by the author.

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America tends against the spirit of reverence. It is very difficult for an American to comprehend the respect with which a man of the middle or lower class looks up to a man of the aristocratic class in England. A shrewd observer once said to me, "Everybody in England looks up and looks down; in America we neither look up nor look down—we simply look off." We are all on the same level. There is no class to which we can look up with reverence; and if we look up at all to men whom we imagine to be above us, it is only with a conception that we are just as good or a little better than they are, and we will see in a few months or years if we cannot prove it by getting above them.

The absence of eminence as a reason for reverence in America tends against reverence; for, however much we may regret the fact, it is true that because a man is eminent is no longer a reason for revering him in America. Newspapers and accidents make men eminent; and neither newspapers nor accidents are reasons for reverence. Some men are eminent because they are good; some men are eminent because they are not so good. Some men are eminent because they are great; some men are eminent because they are little. For meanness climbs to eminence as well as greatness, and vice climbs to eminence as well as goodness.

The reaction against Puritanism has tended against reverence. It is no longer customary in our homes to teach reverence of children to their parents, or in schools to teach reverence of pupils to teachers. In the olden time every boy bowed reverently to the minister; now the minister gets along very well if the boy does not cry out, "Go up, thou baldhead." There is no longer reverence, as it is said, for the cloth or for the pulpit or for the profession, and there is less reverence certainly for old age. There is less reverence in the household. The old Puritanism enforcement of it has gone. The father is "the old man;" not infrequently the mother is "the old woman."

The spirit of criticism, the scientific spirit, has tended against reverence. Many things which of olden time men superstitiously feared they fear no longer. We have analyzed until all great things have been picked to pieces in our laboratory. We will not allow any mysteries; we are determined to solve them all. And this spirit of criticism is absolutely incongruous with the spirit of reverence. You cannot revere what you are criticising. The two processes never can go on simultaneously in the same mind.

The sectarian spirit has been against the spirit of reverence. In the Old World, where formerly all devout men worshiped in one church and with one ritual, the church and the ritual were objects of reverence; but in our country they have been objects of criticism and attack. The Congregationalist has sneered at the ritual of the Episcopalian, and the Episcopalian has shrugged his shoulders over the non-ritual of the Congregationalist. It is true that this time of assault between denominations has largely passed away, but not altogether. In the meantime, Congregationalists have no reverence for the Episcopal ritual, Episcopalians none for the independent worship of the Congregationalists, and both look with suspicion upon the silent worship of the Quaker. The spirit of antagonism between the different denominations has despoiled those symbols which were before the common objects of a mutual reverence.

Finally, our democratic theology has tended against the old spirit of reverence. Just because we no longer reverence a king in the nation we do not reverence a king in the heavens. The kingship has passed away. The fatherhood of God has come to take its place; and with this revolution, and the theological revolutions which have accompanied it, there has been naturally, though I think not necessarily, a disturbance of reverence, and necessarily a disturbance of the old forms of reverence.

Now, if it be true that reverence is a fountain of life, and reverence is a beginning of wisdom, how in this age, in this American continent, under these circumstances and in these conditions working against the old spirit of reverence—how are we to develop reverence in ourselves, in our churches, and in our children?

In the first place, then, the old notion of holy places is gone. We cannot recover it. In truth there is very little foundation for it. Men go to Palestine; they stand at one and another holy place, though the scholars tell us that there is hardly one single spot in Palestine connected with the life of our Lord which can be definitely identified. The old notion of holy places, to which men may make pilgrimages and in which they may find God, is gone never to return. For it we are to substitute this larger, grander, more awe-inspiring conception—that every place is holy place, every ground is holy ground, and God is in all nature. We are not to go back to

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Sinai with the impression that God was only there where the thunders rolled and the lightnings crowned the mountains with their flashing illumination; we are not to go back to the Mount of Beatitudes with the impression that only there Christ sat and only on that hilltop did he teach his disciples; we are not to go back to the burning bush and take the shoes from off our feet and say, "Here is holy ground." In every radiant tree in autumn, in every singing bird on every hillside, in every crashing thunder and in every lightning-flash, we are to hear and see the token of an omnipresent God—the divine immanence, as it is called—the signs of the presence of a God who is in all nature, the witness that every day is a holy day, that every manifestation is a divine manifestation, that God is as truly in America as he ever was in Palestine, as truly in the White Mountains or the Rocky Mountains as he ever was in the Sinaitic Mountains; that he is everywhere, always speaking, in all phenomena. This must come into our hearts to take the place of the older and narrower conception of holy places.

We cannot re-establish a united ritual, nor all agree to climb to God's throne by the steps "worn" (to use Longfellow's simile) "by the knees of many centuries." We are seeking God, each in his own way, and fly to his throne as the birds fly, no one of whom traverses the path traversed by any other bird. But we must learn the broader, the larger, more catholic, aye, and profounder reverence which sees God in every form of worship; for wherever the human heart is seeking God, there God is. "They that seek me shall find me"—that is the promise; not "they that seek me by an Episcopal, a Catholic, a Congregational, or a Quaker method;" not "they who use ritual or they who use no ritual;" not "they that seek me intelligently and without superstition;" but "They that *seek me* shall find." And wherever men are seeking, wherever they are lifting up their eyes to the Unknown, wherever they are clasping their hands, seeking for forgiveness, help, or strength, there God is. There is more religion in the devotee who kneels before the crucifix in the Roman Catholic cathedral, telling her beads and repeating her paternosters, than there is in the supercilious Protestant who carries his Baedeker under his arm and looks at her with contempt for her superstition. It was not the intelligent Pharisee, it was the superstitious woman who crept up, fearing and trembling, and touched the hem of Christ's garment, thinking that virtue resided in his very clothes, whom Christ commended.

We are to recognize God in all truth. The old reverence for the Bible as a book without any error whatever, and as a conclusive and final guide on questions of science, literature, history, philosophy, and religion, is passing away. And it is in vain to attempt to retain it. The reverence for the Bible, if reverence is to remain, must be a deeper reverence—reverence for the truth in the heart of the book, and not for the bound volume. Reverence must be, not for things, but for that which things contain. For what is the Bible? Not the covers, not the printed pages—the truth. On what does the value of the Bible depend? Not on the type—no, of course not; not on the binding—of course not; not on the translation—well—no, of course not; not on the question who wrote this book or who wrote the other—no, of course not. The question who wrote the Ten Commandments, and when they were written, is not the fundamental question. Our reverence is not for the tables of stone that are broken and lost, nor for the words that were inscribed upon them—we do not know exactly what form of words were inscribed upon them—but for the great fundamental principles of the moral life which those Ten Commandments embody. There is many a man who has reverence for the book and none for the truth that is in the book. Mr. Brockway told me that I could not find anywhere men more orthodox than he could point out to me in the Elmira Reformatory; they would be indignant at the suggestion that Moses did not give the Ten Commandments; but they did not mind stealing. And we must get down beneath the questions of date and authorship, and see that reverence for God's word is the reverence for the truth concerning the manifestation of the God who stands behind and speaks through every prophet and in all time. Not on questions of date and authorship, but on that which in this book stirs men to a higher life, our reverence must depend. Woe to us if, throwing away the old mechanical reverence for the outer thing, we fail to get the deeper reverence for the inward truth! What reverence has God shown for truth! Think of it one moment. He has launched into human history this volume of literature. The ablest scholars are not agreed on such questions as who wrote these various books, at

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what dates, for what purpose, and with what immediate intent. The great majority of the books are anonymous; the great majority of them are without definite and positive date. It is the common truism of the orthodox pulpit that they are no longer proved true by miracles—that Christianity proves the miracle, not the miracle Christianity. What does this mean? It means this: God has launched truth without a sponsor into the world, and left the truth to bear witness to itself. Because when this Book declares as God's command, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not bear false witness, the conscience of humanity answers, That is right; and when, with grander revelation, this Book brings its witness, God is love, the heart answers, That is true. How do I know that God is love? Because John said so? No. How do I know that God is love? Because the old prophet sang of his love? No. "His spirit beareth witness to my spirit"—and when this word is uttered by a genius that saw it in the olden time, my heart responds, and I say, It is so, because it answers the craving of my soul. Truth answers to the human mind as cog to cog; and the reverence for the shell is to be lost only that reverence for the kernel may take the place.

We find it difficult, many of us, to have any reverence for the events that are taking place in America, and the leaders who are participating in them. We cannot cure that irreverence toward leaders and politicians by pretending respect for a man whom we do not respect, who has won his way to office by dishonorable and disreputable methods. We must go further, we must look deeper, we must see that, as God is in all worship and in all truth, so God is in all history. Sometimes one looks upon this strange American life of ours, with its eager greed, with its tumultuous feeling, with men using their broad shoulders to push other men out of their way, that they may themselves get on, not thinking to use them that other men may be borne upon their broad shoulders—we look upon this eager, jostling throng, the microcosm of which you may see any afternoon at six o'clock on Brooklyn Bridge, and it is hard to have reverence for humanity. Yes! if that is all you see. If you see only fifty million men in a great mêlée, like the beggar boys in Italy to whom the traveler has flung out a handful of coin, and who are struggling to see who shall get the most of it, it is hard to have reverence—in fact, it would be impossible. But is that all? No! Into this continent God has brought sixty million, soon to be one hundred million, men, of all races, characters, conditions, and classes, men whom he is teaching and training in the problem of self-government—that is, self-brotherhood. God is in the history of America to-day, as truly as he was in the history of Israel of olden time. Do you suppose there were no mean, self-seeking politicians then? Do you suppose there were no false prophets then who cried Peace! peace! when there was no peace? Do you suppose there were no men whose conception of moral character was no higher than that which is reflected in some of our daily journals? All that you see here now, you may see recorded there. But they had prophets then, who saw beneath the surface, saw that God was behind history, saw that God was teaching this Children of Israel, and teaching them that they might teach others. Let a man, then, think of this great Republic as God's schoolroom, in which God is training his children into what Mulford has well called "The Republic of God," and how can he look otherwise than with reverence on America and on democratic institutions?

We are to see God in every man, and in all of life. There are times when there seems nothing more awe-inspiring than a simple, single human soul. You have stood before the Laocoön; you have seen him struggling with the serpents that had come out of the sea to destroy him, and you have looked with awe and wonder at this strange battle; you have seen the battle between the Centaur and the man, portrayed in marble, and as your eyes have been fastened upon it, your heart has beat quicker with reverential admiration. But what do you say of the battles that are going on every day about you? Every soul is a battle-ground. In every man the higher and the lower are battling; with every man God walks, and to every man Satan whispers; in every life the drama of the Garden of Eden is repeated; and the old, old conflict goes on, that out of it a man may come. Said Phillips Brooks once to me, "There is no man so poor, so ignorant, so outcast, that I do not stand in awe before him." As the old reverence for the priest and the robe and the pulpit fade away, reverence for man as the battle-ground between good and evil must come in to take its place, or reverence will disappear. Not by relighting the extinguished candles, not by laying off the black coat and putting on the

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surplice, not by the great altar—not by these outward symbols is reverence to be wrought in the heart of man, but by a vision which sees in every man a son of God, and in all life-struggle a struggle of God for victory in the heart of his own child. He who thus looks upon all men as God's sons in process of consummation will find God in all life.

"The fear of God is the fountain of life." I think it is Goethe who has drawn the distinction between fear and reverence. Fear, he says, repels; reverence attracts. It is not the fear of God that repels, it is the reverence for God which attracts, which is the fountain of life. And when this reverence has found its place in our hearts, it is to be the fountain of all our life; of our reason—and we are not to be afraid of being too rational; of our commercial industries—and we are not to be afraid of being too industrious; of our humor—and we are not to be afraid of a good hearty laugh; reverence in all our life. I have heard men say, Would you laugh in the presence of Almighty God? If not, where will you laugh? Would any father wish his child to have such reverence for him that the child dare not laugh in the father's presence? There is a merriment born of irreverence—drive it from us. There is a merry heart that doeth good like a medicine—welcome it. It is the laughter of a child whose rejoicing is greater because he basks in his father's smile. You cannot come into church and hear the third commandment read, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," and join in the prayer, "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law," and then go out to the theater to laugh at the profanity, or back into the parlor to indulge in polite profanity—and so develop reverence. You cannot have reverence on Sunday and irreverence in the week; reverence in the church and irreverence in the daily life. And, leaving in the past that reverence which was fragmentary, broken, and largely idolatrous, we are to press forward to a grander, broader, nobler, diviner reverence in the future.

Educational Work Among the Colored People

By L. H. Esselstyn

ONE of the most noteworthy movements during the last quarter of the nineteenth century is the change steadily going on in the South in the condition of the negroes. As a result of the Emancipation Proclamation, four million bondsmen were set free from slavery; but they were empty-handed, without letters, without schools, without experience in self-help, and entertaining the most extravagant hopes and expectations as a result of their emancipation. The four millions have become eight millions; they have not become general objects of public charity; on the contrary, they have accumulated over $200,000,000 worth of property; they have put more than $10,000,000 into 21,000 church edifices; the last census shows that nearly one-half of the present eight millions have had the advantages of schools to some degree, while the illiteracy of the race was reduced nearly fourteen per cent. within the preceding ten years; so that, on the whole, their progress upward—industrially, intellectually, morally—though slow and unsatisfactory, has been steady and is full of hope.

Some of the chief factors which are bringing about this revolution are the public-school system now everywhere in operation in the South, the work of such institutions as Hampton and Tuskegee, the influence of the Slater Fund, and the incomparable work wrought for the negroes by the religious schools established by the Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, Baptists, and others.

The Congregationalists, through the American Missionary Association, began this work at the close of the war, with very many elementary schools for an elementary people. But with the assuring evidences of capacity, and with the certainty that the race would need, and must have, teachers and leaders from its own ranks, grammar and normal schools, to the number of forty-three, with rapid steps succeeded these elementary schools, though there are still primary grades for elementary instruction in all but three of them. In different localities, in twelve of the Southern States, pupils numbering several thousand every year are taken through the intermediate, grammar, and normal courses of instruction, and graduates go out yearly to such work in life as they may be able to secure.

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The grammar and normal schools were followed, in turn, with a limited number of higher institutions for a class from which should go those who should prove the capacity of the race. These are Fisk University, in Tennessee; Atlanta University, in Georgia; Straight University, in Louisiana; Talladega College, in Alabama; Tougaloo University, in Mississippi; and, somewhat later, Tillotson College, in Texas. These higher institutions have justified the wisdom which established and provided for them. Two of the institutions planted by the Association have become independent, and are now wholly under the care of their own trustees. These are Hampton Institute and Atlanta University.

While planning for a future, the Association was not unmindful of the temporal interests of the race in the immediate present. Industrial training has gone hand in hand with higher learning from the beginning. In all the schools, instruction is systematically given in various skilled industries for such educative development as these may confer, and as tributary forces to intellectual and spiritual upbuilding.

The total number of schools of all grades is seventy-six, with 413 instructors and 12,449 pupils last year; and this result has been achieved by a total expenditure of about $12,000,000. The Association is now expending about $1,000 a day in carrying on this work.

The Presbyterians began the work about thirty years ago, under the direction of the Board of Missions for Freedmen, with headquarters in Pittsburg, Pa. The aggregate enrollment has been 196,000. In 1895 the Board supported eighty-seven schools of various grades in fourteen States and Territories, from Biddle University in Charlotte, N. C., down to the small parochial school; including sixteen well-established boarding-schools and two smaller ones, along with a number of academies of higher grade, employing 163 teachers, with an attendance of 4,500 pupils. The total number of teachers, including sixty-five ministers, was 257; and of pupils, 10,257. The cost of the year's work was $267,190; the total amount expended since the organization of the Board, $2,556,830. All of the higher schools and many of the lower have industrial departments. In these the boys are taught carpentry, shoemaking, printing, brick making and laying, and improved agriculture; the girls are taught cooking, home-making, plain and ornamental needlework, scientific dressmaking, and nursing. The great end and object of all the teaching is character-building.

The Freedman's Aid and Southern Education Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church began its work in 1866, and has headquarters at Cincinnati, Ohio. It has under its care twenty-two institutions of learning, in sixteen Southern States, with a teaching force of 304, and an enrollment of 4,845 students, the majority of whom are in the College Preparatory, Normal, English, and special courses. The ten institutions of collegiate grade, centrally located in the midst of vast negro populations in ten different States, with Gammon Theological Seminary, at Atlanta, Ga., represent the largest expenditures, and very largely the crowning results, of the work of the Society among the colored people since its organization. In each of these schools are maintained College, College Preparatory, Normal, English, and Musical courses of study; in several of the larger ones are Industrial Departments, in which various trades are taught; in each of the medical schools at Nashville and New Orleans a four years' course of medicine is required before graduation; the schools of dentistry, pharmacy, and of law at Nashville are departments of great significance and encouragement. To carry on this work the Society expends about $200,000 yearly. The total expenditures of the Society since its organization have been $4,149,693.90, according to the last published report; but the Society has under its care and includes in its report an equal number of schools among the white people of the South. The value of the school property devoted to the education of the colored people is $1,281,000. There is very little commingling of colored and white students in the same school.

The Episcopalians, through the Commission for Church Work among the Colored People, appointed in 1886, with headquarters at Washington, D. C., expend about $60,000 a year in their work. They support three theological training halls, two industrial normal institutions, and numerous schools in fifteen States. St. Augustine's School, a large training and industrial school at Raleigh, N. C., has 225 pupils and a staff of eleven teachers; another similar school at Lawrenceville, Va., has 282 pupils and twelve teachers. The theological schools are Hoffman Hall, at Nashville, Tenn.; Bishop Payne Divinity School, at Petersburg, Va.; and King Theo-

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logical Hall, at Washington, D. C. A large amount of work was done by the old Freedman's Commission, appointed in 1865, which in 1878 had expended up to that time about $350,000.

Northern Baptists began their work for the education of the negroes in 1862, and have prosecuted it with vigor and success ever since. They have expended for this purpose nearly $3,000,000, and have built up at the great Southern centers institutions like Wayland Seminary, in Washington; the Theological Seminary, in Richmond, Va.; Shaw University, at Raleigh, N. C.; Benedict College, at Columbia, S. C.; Spelman Seminary, at Atlanta, Ga.; Roger Williams University, at Nashville, Tenn.; the College at Jackson, Miss.; Bishop College, at Marshall, Tex.; besides a large number of schools of a little lower grade.

At first the schools were necessarily of a very low grade, stooping in the beginning to teaching the alphabet and inculcating the simplest truths of morals, hygiene, and industry. Through a slow process of healthy evolution schools have grown from primary classes taught in log cabins to their present dimensions. Spelman Seminary, for example, has a splendid location, an admirable equipment, a large attendance, a varied course of instruction, and takes very high rank among schools for women.

At Shaw University, in addition to a department for the training of missionaries, a normal department, and academic or college department, there is both a law school and a medical school. The latter has the distinction of being conducted by a faculty of representative Southern white physicians of high professional standing in the State. They speak in the highest terms of the ability and attainments and subsequent professional success of their graduates.

At each of the schools special attention is given to varied forms of industrial training, which includes for the girls housekeeping duties, dressmaking, laundry work, and high-grade training for nurses. The graduates of this department find ready and remunerative employment. At Marshall, Texas, the college which owes its existence and name to the late Nathan Bishop, LL.D., of this city, has an industrial plant where the men receive careful training in the varied forms of toolwork.

In all the schools fostered by the Baptist Home Mission Society there are to-day probably 5,000 pupils, and the number would be larger if the facilities were greater. About half of these schools are controlled entirely by the Society or by boards of trustees in which the predominant force is the white element. On each of the boards, however, are found representative colored men, and both colored men and women are employed as teachers in all the faculties. The other half of the schools, fifteen or sixteen in number, are under the exclusive management of the negroes, having negro boards of trustees and negro faculties. While these schools receive aid from the Society on condition of rendering satisfactory reports and being subject to visitation and inspection by the Society's superintendent of education, they are left to the exercise of great freedom in their management. The negroes are showing a great deal of intelligence and acquiring invaluable experience in the conduct of their educational affairs.

Multitudes of those who enter the schools remain a comparatively short time for the lack of means of support, or for other reasons, and return to their homes to begin life's work, not with a complete education, to be sure, but often with a fairly good practical equipment, and with their ideas of life in all its relations, privileges, responsibilities, and opportunities thoroughly reconstructed. A single year's residence and discipline in a well-regulated Christian school often means very much to such people. An increasing number of the attendants, however, are completing the prescribed curricula, while no inconsiderable number supplement their studies in the Southern schools by longer or shorter residence in Northern colleges. Among the most successful preachers and teachers are those who have graduated from Northern colleges or theological seminaries.

After thirty years of the work thus briefly sketched, there were among the colored people of the South 20,000 school-teachers, 66 academies and high schools taught by colored teachers, 159 schools for advanced education for training colored pupils—among these seven colleges administered by colored presidents and faculties—1,000 college-bred ministers, 150 papers edited by colored men, 250 attorneys at law, and 794 physicians.

The great aim of those who have been instrumental in the prosecution of this educational work among the negroes of the South has not been primarily the propagation of their distinctive ecclesiastical ideas nor the

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winning of adherents. The work of the schools is emphatically a work of humanity, a work of philanthropy, a work of patriotism, a work in behalf of a race of eight million destined to become fifty million, a work in behalf of religion, a work in behalf of civilization itself. As such, it appeals very strongly to every lover of his race.

On the Roof

By Charles M. Skinner

EVERYBODY whose house has a flat roof can escape from town. Your so-called roof gardens of the city fail of what should be their intention, because they are as earthy as the street. They are pleasant on a hot night, for the air they lift you into, but their singing, dancing, lights, cackle, and beer are what the same things are in the music-hall below. And isn't it strange that not one family in a thousand makes any use of its roof, but will fall groaning on divans and fan itself and vainly drink cold liquids when the copper sun sinks through a still, wet, lifeless air, and a night of August misery sets in? It would not take much to make the roof habitable: a few plants, if you like, a hammock in its frame, a wicker chair or so, a wire fence to keep the young ones from tumbling into the yard, and a canopy or painter's umbrella to shade your head. To this equipment add a novel, a singing bird, and a servitor who shall come up at intervals with chilled vichy or lemonade, and you can add several hours to your vacation every summer.

But the roof may serve a more than idle or even recuperative purpose, and it can serve at all seasons. It is an observatory. It is too well bestrewn with pebbles and has too many accidents of tar to make it the easiest of lounging-places, but an old mattress, an old coat, takes the edge from the stones, and keeps your clothes from smirch; and, extended on that platform, nothing intervenes between you and eternal space, so that if your fancy's wings are strong enough you may brush the constellations. I arrived at astronomy while living under a peaked roof in a back street, and had to kneel on the floor to look out at the little window; but a friend lodged near the summit of a house that had no attic, and he and I used to borrow the roof to lie on, o' nights, and see the stars. A dark-lantern, which smelled so badly that no burglar could burn it for five minutes without advertising himself to the whole house, sufficed to read by when we referred to a celestial chart; but as the only way to read that kind of chart is to hold it over your head, so that the stars will be in their places, and as you can't read it if you hold it over your head, because you get no light on it, there are discrepancies and misfits in the sky that you cannot remedy, without trouble. Really, though, it does not matter much. The spectacle, not the mathematics of it, is what takes you to the roof; and, oh! it is dreadful to be there with any one who knows about right ascension, declination, azimuth, synodics, equations of the center, prime verticals, and determinations of stellar parallax, and cannot keep still about them. Art has this advantage over nature, that hardly anybody cares to measure it, weigh it, test it for acids and alkalies, or pull it to pieces to see what it is made of. Live with nature and love it, as if it were art. Can't you? Exact knowledge is a good background, but it is sympathy that makes a subject live. Take your opera-glass with you to the roof, and your eyes too; but do not forget your heart.

Night on the housetop frees the way to a solitude that can be terrifying; and as your mind swims away through the star-frosted deeps, you check it, now and again, with a gasp, and bring it back to earth, just as you clutch the shrubbery when you look down into a Western cañon, lest your body make excursions to the bottom likewise. This earth is a bubble of cooling lava circling its parent sun; the sun is one luminous drop in a flood of suns that we see as the Milky Way; that, again, is but an episode in the unthinkable vastnesses that extend beyond, beneath, around it. What, then, are we? But be calm. Nature is so. Be at one with it. In the multitude of lights out there, not one is varying from its course, not one falters or hastens, seldom does one brighten or grow dull: therefore, know that we are sheltered and saved by law; that we are parts of an infinite order; and we dream that somewhere in the universe, whose sun-clouds roll about the throne of it, dwells Mind.

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We estimate, but cannot realize, those bulks that overbalance our entire solar system; those distances that light takes a century to cross. It is the slight thing that often seems most rich in wonder to us; the flash of a meteor, for example. And no clear night is without this vision—the earth calling in the wandering fragments of broken planets, lost comets, cosmic matter, or bolts of iron, blown high from its own or the moon's volcanoes. They are but a little way above our heads—a hundred miles or so—yet, as they leap into sight and vanish in fire-dust, what immensities they coast! There is a like feeling of depth and mystery in the pale shine of the *noctiluca* that swims under the counter of the ship in mid-sea. Comets, too, fly in range of the glass at odd times, trailing or pushing their million miles of plume, and frightening worlds with portent. Northern lights dance into seemingly dizzy heights of space, though they are almost terrestrial. Surprisingly bright they can be, and not long ago I saw them mounting overhead when the moon was nearly at the full. There is awe in the lightning, and until the rain drives you in (dress in your worst and it will not) you can enjoy the sight of the storm, mounting, threatening, each flash painting on the dark a vivid cloudscape, more imposing than anything of rock and ice we find on earth. The eye dilates with the wonder of it, though it shrinks again at each bolt and quiver. What pictures lie above us, in the blackness, out of our seeing until these rills of flame reveal them to us—perilous flame! the joy it creates so near to fear and pain. Death and beauty: they are nearly as close as death and life. And what are those disclosures that are made to the dying? Why do so many go to their rest with smiling wonder? The materialist says that there is no future for us; were it so, it might still be worth a life to gain one glimpse of the great mystery, just as we are giving back the spirit to its source—to hear one chord of the great symphony, to see one ray of creation's light.

Still, it is not of death we think, on the roof. Sun and oxygen are purgative to glooms, and pessimism has no right to be, above the ground. I often wonder how it gets into the expression of a people. The Russians, for instance, ought to have daylight enough to counteract their political miseries. But an invincible sadness, almost a hopelessness, pervades the art of men who are tyrannized, and who have intelligence to know it. Russian music—all effort toward the beautiful in that country—is like nightingales singing over the dead on a deserted battle-field. I'll warrant it is not oppression, so much as it is a habit of not washing, and of sleeping with the windows shut, that makes Nihilism and other Russian misfortunes. What misprizing of air we are guilty of!

Air? That viewless substance is stronger than oaks or muscle. Get it moving and you have exploded dynamite. Trees, houses—they are nothing. A cloud as big as New York; it is a plaything for the wind. See those giant cumuli, bent by it at the top, like bergs. See that continent of cirrus, harrowed by it from horizon to horizon, like a field. Stand before it and feel the pulse of it. If it is hot, go out on a lonely pike and hear the telegraph wires sing. That will fill your ears with winter. It is the air spirit harping. And when we are fanned by it on the roof, we know that in the country the skald of the telegraph is crooning, and white dust-wraiths are stalking down the roads. Wheat and grass billowing in the wind, and a breeze cascading down the ivy curtain that has overgrown a church, gratify the eye with a hint of nature's plasticity. If viewless air can so impress itself, men, too, you say, can force or beg nature to their bidding. Not so fast, in faith. See things more fairly, and shake out a little of that pretty human conceit. A man commands as much as he sees; seldom more; and that is the advantage as well as the vanity of riches. We talk largely of our mastery of the world. Eh? Where is it? A few canals, a few roads, soon to be filled with weeds, a few scars on the hillside, a few cleared spots in the wood, a few cities that tumble and crumble when people leave them; these are all, from the efforts of 600,000,000 of human beings. And look at the chins that are in the air and shoulders squared, as who should say, Lo, I am king of natur?! Fie! Get up on the roof and learn modesty.

One of the human gains from associating with nature is that it clears the vision, gives a normal view-point, dissociates one from custom. It is well to clean up, now and again—clean up our house and farm rubbish, our creeds, our literature, our traditions, our laws. The burning of the Alexandrian library was not such a loss when we think of the false science, false logic, false philosophy, that were burned with it. Could all precedents, moral, social, scholastic, political, artistic, be wiped out, and the human race, as

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new as babes, be allowed to start afresh, would it not go straighter than it is going now? And the kind, sane Nature that would give us the right direction is not so far. You have not to seek her in New Zealand or the Selkirks. Look willingly, and you shall see her skirt will brush your housetop. For it does not matter about our visiting strange places and standing under far horizons. We can send our minds there. It was better to have seen Concord with Thoreau than Europe with Cook's tourists. See and think on remote things, to get out of yourself, or enlarge your sphere. You can look up and away into the deeps of sky, and find it full of truth. One fact grows upon us as we enlarge ourselves to the natural environment: we are creatures of that force that makes suns, worlds, comets, laws; we are urged by the same power that pushes the planets in their orbits. The power is in and behind us; inevitable, invincible. It rests with us only to direct it.

Rearing Caterpillars

By Caroline G. Soule

Readers of the articles by Miss Belle S. Cragin, "For Young Entomologists," published not long ago in The Outlook, will be interested in another method of rearing caterpillars.

Get tin boxes with covers which shut over the box, not slide in grooves or hinge to the box; also a piece of the finest quality of cheesecloth, called in some places "scrim." Cut this cloth into pieces about an inch and a half longer and wider than the box for which it is to be used, and the "outfit" is complete.

Bore no holes in the tins or their covers. The chief object of the tins is to keep the food-plant fresh, else the larvæ will not thrive.

When the larvæ are small, several of a kind may be kept in a small tin, with the food-plant slightly sprinkled when put in. Lay a piece of the cheesecloth over the top of the box and shut the cover down tight over it. The cloth prevents accidents to the larvæ in shutting the box.

I have reared many hundreds of larvæ of many kinds, and I have never seen any which did not thrive better in closed, dark tins than in boxes with netting or holes.

They need very little air, and most kinds feed chiefly at night under natural conditions.

The closed tins also prevent the stings of "parasitic flies," a very important matter to entomologists.

When the food-plant is a tree or shrub, twigs should always be put in with the leaves on them, to give resting-places for the larvæ.

As the larvæ grow larger they should be kept in larger tins, and fewer in each tin. The ideal way for sphingid or big bombycid larvæ is to keep each one in a tin about six inches long, four wide, and two deep, but this means much room, much work, and many tins.

The two-pound boxes in which come Huntley and Palmer's "Dinner Biscuit" are excellent for two or three large caterpillars. A caterpillar which is ready to pupate should be put in a small tin by itself, lest it be hurt by its more active companions.

Fresh food should be supplied twice daily if the larvæ are large, and always abundantly. The boxes should be cleaned out at least once a day.

The very best way to study or enjoy caterpillars is to start with the eggs. Every moth caught should be put into a pasteboard box deep enough to let it move about easily, with a bit of net over the top, held in place by a rubber band. If the moth is female, it will lay eggs, probably for three or four nights. These will give the larvæ in due time, if fertile, as they probably will be. Then the whole life-history may be obtained.

If in doubt as to the food-plant of larvæ, supply wild cherry, oak, woodbine, poplar, grape, maple, plantain. It will probably select one of these. If not, try blueberry, sassafras, willow, or any plant you find.

Most sphingid larvæ pupate in the ground outdoors, but in the house they will transform equally well in tin boxes shut tight, except *Ceratomia Amyntor*, and, sometimes, the "tomato-worm" and "potato-worm," which may do better for six inches of sifted earth. In rearing these last larvæ a rubber band should be put around each box and cover, for the larvæ are so long and so strong that they often lift the cover, push it open, and crawl out!

Most families prefer not finding big green caterpillars crawling about their houses; and the tin boxes, well shut, keep their inhabitants at home, except in the case of the large Phlegethontius just mentioned.

I am told that some butterfly larvæ need open air in their feeding-time, but I have never found any which did not do as well in the tins. I have not, however, reared as many butterflies as moths.

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Books and Authors

Ramsay's Turkey [1]

All of the recent books on Turkey have been interesting and instructive, but sometimes inaccurate. Professor Ramsay's is as interesting and instructive as any, and apparently accurate to a degree hardly attained by others. His is the record not only of twelve years' wanderings, but of seventeen years' studies. As he says, these impressions may not be acceptable to those whose minds are made up on one side or the other; he steers a middle course, and regards no person and no people as wholly in the right. The work will, of course, be hailed by every archæologist, since Dr. Ramsay is a prince among them, but it ought to be of equal interest to every student of history, religion, and society.

We are taken directly into a Turkish village of central Anatolia, and the first half-dozen chapters give us abundant realization of our guide's success in his aim to put us into the heart of Turkey and let us look about for ourselves, explaining his own impressions about the facts which we see. The succeeding half-dozen chapters (the remaining half of the book) are, however, of quite vital interest, and Professor Ramsay's opinions on several questions are worthy of careful note. Comparing the Turks with the Greeks, he thinks that a union of their qualities is needed to make a strong and self-sufficing nation. "The Greek can be brave, but you can never trust him to die at his post, or to fight to the bitter end in the face of discouragement and despair. The Turk will maintain his trust till he is cut in pieces, and will stand at his post till he falls; but he is devoid of resource and ingenuity, and is hardly ever able to command or to organize the strength of a number of other men, which the Greek can do." Yet two irresistible advantages lie with the Greek. "Take the great wants in the life of the Turks; they receive no rational or systematic training, whether moral or intellectual; but the strongest quality of the Greeks, and their greatest achievement in the world, has been their love for education." "In Turkish villages the women are feebler and poorer in both physique and mind; the Greek women struck me as being better and morally higher than the men, physically good, and intellectually well developed." In his "Church in the Roman Empire" Dr. Ramsay has shown that the ancient population of Asia Minor gave an unusually high position to women; in the present condition of their women lies the chief reason for the steady degeneration of the Turkish people.

Again, Dr. Ramsay corrects a widespread impression that the evil in Turkey arises from bad laws. He says that, taking them as a whole, the laws are good, being, as a rule, adopted by Mahmud, or his successors, from approved European legislation. The evil lies in the administration of the laws. Secondly, the salaries apportioned to officials are absurdly small. In order to live they resort to bribery. "Everything everywhere moves by *bakshish*, and without it nothing can be done." Moreover, the Turk is not naturally a good officer or a good official. He is both indolent and ignorant. Professor Ramsay believes that reform and improvement are quite possible in Turkey, but not under Turkish rule.

The subordinate agents of the government who come most in contact with the peasant population are the *Zaptiehs*, or police. The average Zaptieh receives no pay, for his nominal salary (like that of most other officials) is so hopelessly in arrears that one may fairly say that he gets none. Yet he must live, keep his horse, and support his family; hence he makes his livelihood out of the peasantry in irregular fashion. Furthermore, the Zaptiehs are brutal. Even in the best-administered districts they are associated with every act of extortion and oppression.

Dr. Ramsay quotes Mr. Curzon's statement that if the Turkish troops were withdrawn from Crete the result would be a massacre compared with which those in Armenia would sink into insignificance. To this the author protests in favor of a nation which, with many faults, has never in its worst stage been given to mutilation and orgies of personal outrage. "When one must be killed, one longs for a clean death and an uninsulted corpse; and if either he or I have to face massacre, we shall do well to pray that we fall into the hands of Greek, not Turkish, rioters."

The impression of other travelers as to a servile submissiveness on the part of most

[1] *Impressions of Turkey during Twelve Years' Wanderings.* By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., LL.D., Professor in Aberdeen University. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.

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Armenians is confirmed by Professor Ramsay; he also speaks of the harm to the cause done by misguided action on the part of the secret societies which have taken their name from the Huntchak quarter of Constantinople. While it is probable that Greece would not have been set free from Turkish tyranny until a much later period had it not been for the powerful secret society which organized the insurrection, it may be doubted, so he thinks, whether the *Ethnike Hetaireia* still continues to be of any advantage. It may be easy to condemn ill-advised agitation, but there was indeed just cause for rebellion, secret or otherwise, and our sympathy, like Professor Ramsay's, remains entire and unbroken on the side of a suffering people, the great majority of whom have been wholly ignorant of plotting. To appreciate what Turkish oppression is, we must go, not to recent travelers, who have seen only the condition of Asia Minor west of the Euphrates, where administration is carried on under more constant dread of European interference; yet, even there, take the following example:

> A band of recruits arrived one evening at an Armenian village. They ordered the villagers to bring them everything they had. The people, in a panic, obeyed. . . . Then they made a hell of the place. Every woman, young and old, was insulted and outraged in presence of husband, fathers, and brothers. All the cattle, horses, and sheep were either stabbed or shot, and finally the village was burnt to the ground. Then the ruffians departed for Yuzgat, forcing the men of the village to accompany them as porters—the soldiers even riding on the men themselves.

As for European Turkey, take this from Macedonia:

> The custom of marrying in the most retired part of the house instead of the church, among the peasants, is the result of the dread they have of giving unnecessary publicity to their gatherings, and thus inviting the cupidity of some savage band of their oppressors. . . . This state of things was brought back during recent events. Some months ago a bridal procession had just returned from church, when a band of Turks fell upon the house, robbing and beating right and left until they arrived at the unfortunate bride, whom, after divesting of all her belongings, they dishonored and left to bewail her misfortunes in never-ending misery.

The author declares it to be a fact familiar to all who know even slightly the part of Armenia most exposed to Kurdish incursions, that incidents of this class have always been too common to attract notice; they were, in most cases, not even special acts of revenge aimed at a special family by enemies; they were an ordinary thing, an amusement of the district, which would be prevented among the poor only by concealing the marriage. It is small wonder that among the Armenians in Constantinople the recoil from a condition like the above took the form of secret societies. It was a recoil, not only from theft, fire, sword, torture, starvation, and nakedness; in greater degree it was from personal outrage and shame.

We learn that the free Armenian is not unlike the Kurd in certain characteristics. "The faults to which both tend are graspingness and selfishness, in contrast to the Greeks, who tend rather toward the faults of vanity and display." In spite of his sympathy for the downtrodden, Dr. Ramsay declares that, of all the peoples in Turkey, there is none whom he has personally liked less than the Armenians. He owes them the least gratitude for kindness shown to a traveler, for, more than most, they have treated him "as a stranger whose sole interest in their eyes was the possibility of making money off him." On the other hand, he declares that the Armenians have furnished the most striking example of capacity to receive and assimilate, to rise quickly to the level of higher education and a nobler nature, when the opportunity has been placed before them.

To those in this country the chapter dealing with American missionaries, especially those among the Armenians, is the most interesting in the book. Professor Ramsay admits that he began with a strong prejudice against our mission work, for he had heard reports that the missionaries "lend the cloak of religion to Armenians, who use it partly to conceal their swindling, lying, cheating, and other mean vices, partly in the hope of getting a little protection from the missionaries, and through them sometimes obtaining a measure of justice." It seems to our author quite true that several of the Protestants whom he saw had not been converts according to the sense in which many consider that true conversion must take place, but had adopted Protestantism from a rational conclusion that our missionaries "stood on a higher platform of life and conduct and circumstances, and were representatives of a higher civilization and society, than the Gregorian Church." In this, nevertheless, in his estimation, is the real strength of our missionary movement. Our policy seems to him not simply directed to converting persons from a different form of Christianity to our own, and he upholds our missionaries as strongly as

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did Mr. Bryce in "Transcaucasia and Ararat." Dr. Ramsay says:

So far as I could judge, the missionaries tried to carry out what I believe to be a higher and wiser course. In imparting education they did not proselytize. Their converts were not made in their colleges and schools. They sought, first and foremost, to organize an improved system of education for a people already Christian, but deplorably ill educated, and debarred by the Turkish policy for many centuries from receiving any proper education, inasmuch as any system of education among the Armenians was necessarily inconsistent with the repression of every symptom of freedom or union or organization among them, which constituted the Armenian policy of the Turks. The reforming policy of Sultan Mahmud, after he recognized that the empire could not be maintained simply on massacres like that of the Greeks in Scio, or of the Janissaries in Stambol, inaugurated a new era. But the Armenians themselves were too crushed and downtrodden to take advantage of it; and, moreover, there was a great difference between the intention of the Sultan in Stambol, and the actual fact in Sivas or Erzerum or Mardin or Kharput. Mahmud might order that a new spirit should reign; but he could not put the new spirit into his officials in the provinces. The American mission stepped in to offer to the Armenians what they could not make for themselves. It was under Sultan Mahmud (who died in 1839) that they inaugurated their enterprise; and it is literally true that it was a scheme encouraged and patronized by the Imperial Government and by the most enlightened among the Turks.

Two Books of Theology [1]

It seems that some of our younger religious teachers have made the mistake of supposing that the necessity of having a living theology took away the necessity of informing ourselves concerning traditional theology. No one has any right to be heterodox until he knows that he is so, until he knows why he is so. These two books, conservative as they are, and we fear we must add dry, are nevertheless not anachronistic. Both Dr. Scott and Mr. Hawkesworth have carefully informed themselves on the subject of Nicene theologic thought. The reader may think that they could have put forth the matter in more attractive fashion. Perhaps Dr. Scott girds against Ritschl. That is almost like saying that Dr. Scott objects to ethical interpretation of dogma. Not quite. The extreme Ritschlians have laid themselves open to the accusation of denying the historicity of the Christ of the Gospels. Without a historical foundation Christianity falls into nothing. Dr. Scott is right in his position, though he refutes neither Hatch nor Harnack, whom he blames. He points out difficulties. These are in every direction. Perhaps if we could only alter our mental attitude, if we could recall the extreme intellectual acumen of the Nicene and of some of the ante-Nicene writers, we should discover that they thought in the ways we now think. They were modern in their fearless and devout rationalism. It is their terminology that we do not understand. Dr. Scott describes from his point of view, which is a little too polemical, the laying of the foundation and the subsequent development in the first four centuries of Christendom of the idea of a divine Christ. He seems to wish to bring about a reaction, to recall us to the position of our fathers and grandfathers.

There is an orthodoxy older than the seventeenth century, more ancient than the sixteenth. Not even the reformers were led into all truth, and peradventure the Holy Spirit is still guiding the Church and the world. We will not go back to Calvin for the sum of all truth, nor will we accept Augustine as the final authority. The consensus of the fathers is to be found, if at all, in the line of the development of religious ideas.

Mr. Hawkesworth now and then writes what looks a little unsound, but, as he sticks close to his text, little harm is done. The theological student will find his book rather trying. The thinker will be tempted to ask, *Cui bono?* It is true that the writer makes nothing of it at all. He does not, like Franzelin, like Perrone, like Jeremy Taylor, apply his orthodox theology after translating it into nineteenth-century language. For the rest, the book is good—and it is very condensed and brief.

American History Told by Contemporaries [1]

The first volume of "American History told by Contemporaries" well fulfills the aim of its editor to make broad the highways for those who would visit their forefathers. Professor Hart's attempt is to combine two

[1] *Origin and Development of the Nicene Theology, with some reference to the Ritschlian View of Theology and History of Doctrine.* By Hugh M. Scott, D.D. Chicago Theological Seminary Press, Chicago. $1.50.
De Incarnatione Verbi Dei, together with Three Essays subsidary to the same. By the Rev. Alan S. Hawkesworth. Riggs Company, Albany.

[1] *American History Told by Contemporaries.* Volume I. Era of Colonization, 1492-1689. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of History in Harvard University. The Macmillan Company, New York. The set of four volumes, $7; each volume sold separately at $2.

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objects not easily harmonized: first, to put within convenient reach of schools, libraries, and scholars authoritative texts of rare writings in American history contemporary with the events which they describe; and, secondly, to present in a succession of scenes a notion of the movement and connection of the history of America, so as to give a correct impression of the forces which have shaped our history. The extracts are arranged both chronologically and topically; they do not so much narrate the events of history as they picture for us the existing state of society.

All earnest students of history have become impatient with the second-hand judgments of many historians; such students have a longing to read the unadorned accounts of eye-witnesses; and when they have read a few such accounts, the quaintness and directness characterizing them make the old writings henceforth of primary importance, and all comment of secondary value. In the present volume we have, of course, as the *pièce de résistance* the selections from the old writings themselves, and Professor Hart has made his explanatory comment as short as possible. He has added references, however, intended to lead to other sources and to secondary works. The plan of the first volume covers the colonizing age, from 1492 to 1689, and the book is divided into departments covering the early discoveries and voyages—Norse, Spanish, English, French, and Dutch—the conditions of colonization, the reasons for colonization, the regulations and the character of the emigrants; finally, the separate colonies in order, giving the characteristic features of the Southern, New England, and Middle Colonies. There are one hundred and fifty-seven extracts, each from one to five pages in length. It is a vast satisfaction to glance over so many ultimate sources of our country's history in the compass of this book. As Professor Hart says in his introduction to the general work, sources are the basis of history, but not mere raw material like the herbaria of a botanist or the chemicals of a laboratory, stuffs to be destroyed in discovering their nature; as utterances of men living when they were made, they have in them the breath of human life, and hence history is the biology of human conduct.

The volume is well indexed, and there will undoubtedly be a consolidated index to the series. Misprints are rare; we would suggest, however, that in mentioning Mr. Stedman in the next edition Edwin (p. 10) be changed to Edmund.

Historic Bubbles[1]

Mr. Frederic Leake's "Historic Bubbles" is a unique book, in that it is full of a bubbling humor from beginning to end. The book deals with pretty serious history, too, and our author's judgments are impressive ones, yet there is not a page of this volume which does not glow with the lambent play of both wit and humor, of both satire and irony. The book is sure to afford pleasant and profitable reading, since not only are Mr. Leake's subjects interesting, but anything more unlike the usual dry-as-dust historical style than his own cannot be imagined; we have to turn to Thackeray's "Four Georges" or to Dickens's "A Child's History of England" to find any such radical departures from ordinary discourse on historical subjects. Mr. Leake seems more at home in French history than in English, but if we had to choose, we should select his essays on English subjects, the first and last in the volume, as the most suggestive. They are on the Duke of Berwick (to be sure, he did his work for France) and on John Wiclif. The first essay should be read along with Mr. Justin McCarthy's characterization of the Duke in the "History of the Four Georges." The essay on Wiclif ought to be read as a counter-irritant to Green's description in the "History of England." Mr. Leake's other "bubbles" are about the Captivity in Babylon—that exile of the Roman Catholic Church at Avignon—on "The Second House of Burgundy," "Two Jacquelines," "Hoche," and on "An Interesting Ancestor of Queen Victoria"—namely, Peter the Cruel. In each essay Mr. Leake gives us something to think about which we have not hitherto thought about, even if we may have plumed ourselves upon a rather intimate knowledge of the particular subject. While our author's style is frank with a trenchant frankness, yet his clean-cut, concise, and forcible sentences far more rapidly and graphically sketch for us the picture he would convey than do the more involved sentences of many other writers of history. An example is found in the following paragraph:

> Wiclif's greatest work was his translation of the Scriptures into English; but his version was not one that we would accept to-day for our

[1] *Historic Bubbles.* By Frederic Leake. Riggs Printing and Publishing Company, Albany, N. Y.

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guidance. It was the translation of the translation of a translation. Let us look a little into its pedigree: Some years before the birth of Christ, the Old Testament was translated into Greek. This version is called the Septuagint, because, according to the legend, seventy-two learned doctors were shut up in seventy-two separate cells and set to making seventy-two separate translations of the Hebrew scriptures. They accomplished the task in seventy-two days, and when they came to compare notes their seventy-two versions all agreed, word for word, letter for letter. There could be no doubt of the inspiration of a work so miraculous; and such was the authority of the Septuagint that the citations of the Old Testament in the New are taken from it. The Church of Rome at an early day translated the Septuagint and the Apocrypha into its adopted tongue, the Latin, and this version is known as the old Vulgate. In the course of ages—and they were dark ages—by careless transcription and by the foisting in of strange theological ideas, the Vulgate had become corrupt, and such was its condition when Wiclif translated it. Two hundred years later the Council of Trent revised it and brought it into its present form. It is now the ultimate Bible of the Church, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, from which there is no appeal; the original Hebrew and Greek go for nothing when they differ from it. Do you ask why? I answer that the Church is inspired as well as the Bible, and, inspiration for inspiration, the later must supersede the earlier. You Protestants have merely gone back and picked up the exhausted material of the Church, and made out of it a sort of Bible of your own, instead of accepting the better provision she offers you; and it distresses me to add that the Council of Trent has consigned you all to perdition for rejecting the Apocrypha!

The book is both biographical and historical. As a single picture of an important historical period, that of "The Captivity in Babylon" is not excelled by the others in this volume. Modern travelers rush by the old castellated town nowadays in the express trains between Paris and the Riviera, but even to them there must be, for a few minutes, a gloom and impressiveness from Avignon's frowning walls, reminding that for more than a hundred years the French town was a seat of the Papacy. Even when it ceased so to be, secular dominion, up to the time of the Revolution, would no longer take root there. But we are infringing upon the pleasure which Mr. Leake's book has in store for its readers.

It is said that when Mr. Crockett, the novelist, is not sitting at his typewriting machine, producing an unconscionable number of words per minute, he is playing golf on the historic St. Andrew's links, and that he goes over the five-mile course like a whirlwind.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending August 27. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

All collectors of book-plates, and, indeed, all who are interested in bibliography, will find much to interest and entertain them in Mr. Charles Dexter Allen's *Ex Libris*. These essays of a collector cover the whole subject almost exhaustively and with a thoroughness of detail which cannot be found elsewhere. The chapter on American book-plates is particularly full. The book is beautifully illustrated with fine engravings and reproductions of famous book-plates. The edition is of only seven hundred and fifty copies, and the plates have been destroyed. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston.)

Mr. R. P. Williams, who is in charge of the chemical department of the English High School, Boston, has just published an instructive volume on the *Elements of Chemistry*. As he says, to the average young person chemistry is the most fascinating of sciences, but everything will end in mere experiments unless the superficial love of observation leads to the deeper love of explanation. Hence the object of his volume is to help the pupil to think scientifically. Many topics—such as Laws of Combination and Union by Volume—have been treated in an original manner. Mr. Williams is well qualified to describe the elements of chemistry, for his "Introduction to Chemical Science," issued nearly a decade since, has each year met with an increased demand. In the present volume, however, the author follows the inductive system less rigorously. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

Mr. R. van Bergen, formerly Principal of the Nobles' School, Tokyo, has written an interesting school-book on *The Story of Japan*. Most text-books dealing with history and geography touch the Japanese Empire but lightly. The fact that Japan has now become a foremost nation is sufficient reason for the appearance of this volume, from which old as well as young may gain a correct idea of the impulses which have led to a wonderful progress. The author's style is as entertaining as is the subject matter. Through many incidents and stories we learn as much about the manners and customs of the people as we do about the actual political history. An important conclusion, not given in most books concerning Japan, is that such national cus-

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toms in dress, diet, and architecture as do not interfere with genuine progress are now not only left untouched but encouraged. Mr. Bergen emphasizes the fact that the Japanese people have never had much of a voice in public affairs. The *Samurai*, of whom there are 400,000 households in a population of almost 42,000,000, have absorbed all the offices. The Japanese are both courageous and unselfish, but are conceited as well. In these elements may be found an explanation of the country's strength and weakness. (American Book Company, New York.)

The Riverton Minister, by the Rev. Martin Post, is the life-history of a whole community in the "far West" of 1829. The reader is introduced to many members of ministerial bodies under the titles of Mr. S——, Mr. T——, etc., while all the affairs of Riverton are revealed, to the innermost recesses of houses and souls. The hero is a good man and true, and it is well for this world that there are many thousands just like him on the globe. The book is dreary and commonplace. (American Publishing and Engraving Company, Atlanta, Ga.)

Literary Notes

—The present year marks the fortieth of the "Atlantic Monthly's" existence, and the October issue will be a kind of jubilee number.

—Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman's poems of the last twenty years are to be published this autumn in a volume entitled "Poems First Collected."

—In the series "The Writings of the Fathers of the Republic" the works of Samuel Adams will appear. The first volume will be published in 1898, and the editor is to be Mr. Harry Alonzo Cushing.

—Readers of Mr. Fox's "Hell-fer-Sartain" and "The Kentuckians" will be interested in the announcement that he is at work upon another Kentucky story, to be called "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

—Mr. F. C. Selous, the African hunter, whose lecture on Rhodesia before the British Association at Toronto attracted much attention, is the person after whom Mr. Rider Haggard is said to have modeled his "Allan Quatermain."

—The late Adam Asnyk, the Polish poet who recently died at Cracow, had spent the greater part of his life in exile, as he was driven out of Poland because of his share in the insurrection of 1863. Asnyk's reputation rests on his lyrics, though he wrote several dramas.

—According to the London "Answers, Lord Tennyson was a subject of wonder to many country people. His slouched hat shocked their ideas of propriety, and his long cloak invested him with a kind of supernatural mystery. That they had rather vague ideas of his occupation is illustrated by the answer of a Freshwater lad to a lady who asked if he knew Mr. Tennyson. "Yes," he replied; "he makes poets for the Queen." "What do you mean?" "I don't know what they means, but p'licemen sees him walking about a-making of 'em under the stars."

—The "Westminster Gazette" has been recently gathering opinions on the subject of book-reviewing. Sir Walter Besant thinks (1) that a review is able to affect the fortunes of a book very considerably; (2) that literary editors of daily papers should use their power to select the three hundred good books of the year (he is inclined to think there are no more), and treat one every day to "a separate careful" review; (3) that the reviewer selected should be competent; and (4) that the "slating" of weak and silly books should be discouraged. To which the editor of the London "Literary World" replies:

> With the first and third of these opinions there is hardly room for serious disagreement. But that selecting of three hundred good books for "separate and careful" review strikes us as a little grotesque. To begin with, why three hundred? To say that there are three hundred books worthy of careful reading and detailed review issued every year is, in our judgment, vastly to overrate the quality of modern writing. On the other hand, there are many more books which, while they do not merit such treatment, still contain writing that is moderately good, and, within certain reasonable limits, one may rejoice at their publication. The mass of books, distinguished authors sometimes forget, are mediocre, and extravagant praise or blame is equally misplaced. The difficulty for the reviewer, indeed, is to characterize them at all, apart from the ground that they cover.

Books Received

For week ending August 27

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Van Bergen, R., M.A. The Story of Japan. $1.

R. F. FENNO & CO., NEW YORK

Claretie, Jules. Translated by Mrs. Carlton A. Kingsbury. The Crime of the Boulevard. $1.25.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Williams, Rufus P. Elements of Chemistry.

LAMSON, WOLFFE & CO., BOSTON

Allen, Charles Dexter. Ex Libris. Essays of a Collector.

REV. MARTIN POST, ATLANTA, GA.

Post, Rev. Martin. The Riverton Minister. $1.

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The Religious World

For the Temperance Cause

Impressive demonstrations in promotion of the temperance reform both in Great Britain and America are arranged for the latter part of October and the beginning of November. "The most remarkable trio of women's conventions ever held in this or any other country" will meet at Buffalo and Toronto. The twenty-fourth annual Convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is to be at Buffalo from October 29 to November 3, immediately after the fourth biennial Convention of the World's W. C. T. U. at Toronto, October 23–26, which is to be preceded there by the annual Convention of the Canadian W. C. T. U. Lady Henry Somerset, who has withdrawn her resignation of the Presidency of the British Women's Temperance Association, is to give the annual sermon at Buffalo, October 31. In prospect of a series of enthusiastic meetings, a special effort is urged to add to the membership of the Union "for God and Home and Native Land."

The jubilee of the Band of Hope, the children's total abstinence society, organized at Leeds, Yorkshire, November 9, 1847, is to be commemorated with great emphasis. Special services are to be held in nearly a score of cathedrals, with sermons by the Archbishops and others of the higher clergy. The Free Churches and their ministers are to do likewise. The Lord Mayor of London will hold a reception at the Mansion House November 3, when, probably, a member of the Royal Family will attend to receive contributions for the national jubilee fund in aid of the work. Local celebrations will be held throughout the country, while the parent society at Leeds will hold a Conference November 6 for a full week. An immediate practical end in view is to add to the nearly three million children now in the membership a million more by making visits to a million homes.

A comparative estimate of the forwardness of the temperance reform in Great Britain and America can be made from a recent statement by a member of the municipal government of Sheffield, who is on a Royal Commission of inquiry upon some points of the liquor question. He declared that the liquor trade now holds the key of political power in every Parliamentary constituency. There are many Congressional districts which have been redeemed from that. American women also have been more largely redeemed. In London last year 316 deaths were attributed by coroners' juries to excessive drinking. Of these 43 per cent. were women. The British reformer makes progress, however, and draws encouragement from every success of the American.

The Brahmo-Somaj: Its Present Status

Inquiries now and then come to us as to the progress of the religious movement among Hindus known under the name of the Brahmo-Somaj. According to a recent article printed in India by one of its adherents, it is not satisfactory at present to its well-wishers. The trouble seems to be that there is not so much cohesion among them as individualism. The eclectic principle is strong, and special tendencies and affinities obstruct combination and organization. Of course anything like an aggressive propaganda under such conditions is out of the question. Consequently its "missionary problem" is for the time being insoluble. Nevertheless, however deficient now in the power of concerted effort for a forward movement, the Brahmo-Somaj must still be viewed with hope as a leavening influence at work in the Hindu mind. "We have been led by the Spirit of the Father in heaven," says a recent Brahmo journal, "not only to accept Christ the Crucified as 'the Son of the living God,' but likewise to see the Son's oneness with the Father in spirit and in truth."

The Sunday Rest Congress at Brussels

The International Congress on Sunday Rest, recently held at Brussels, was attended by one delegate from America, the Rev. W. W. Atterbury, D.D., Secretary of the New York Sabbath Committee. Dr. Atterbury has given an interesting account of it to the "Independent," from which we learn that a degree of interest was manifested contrasting strongly with the indifference and ridicule amid which a similar congress met there eight years ago. The three days' session was attended by two hundred delegates, including many of high position, official representatives of Governments, managers of large industries, members of labor associations, etc. The topic most warmly debated concerned the duty of the

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State to intervene as the protector of Sunday rest. Upon this the Congress resolved, with but four negative votes, that the protection of Sunday rest should not be left to private initiative. Then, with one negative, it voted that, the question as to the extent of the intervention of the public authorities being reserved, this intervention should eventually be applied in favor of all persons employed in labor under contract, and, further, that, with the same reservation, this intervention of the State should eventually include the closing of stores on Sunday. The reports presented and the discussions thereon are shortly to be published in full. Protestants and Catholics were in full harmony for the common cause. The Federation of Catholic Workingmen of Belgium, whose representatives took an active part, includes 80,000 members. Dr. Atterbury reports a general feeling that the cause is making most encouraging progress on the Continent. We agree with him that this will stimulate American sentiment and effort in the same direction.

A Critic of Clergymen

An anonymous article in the July number of the "Westminster Review," attempting to account for the alleged unpopularity of the clergy, has been somewhat copied from in the American press. The writer's eye is fixed on a special type, more common in England than here—the curate in priestly garb, with narrow training, seemingly weak in masculinity, accustomed more to the society of women than of men, a sort of "clerical doll." Generalizing from the existence of such a type, the writer says: "The clergy are nowadays not so much disliked or feared as held generally in contempt." For "proof in point" is cited the fact that the clergyman is represented as such a creature in theatrical plays. The writer probably does as much injustice to the playwrights as to the clergy generally. To cast derision on an unseemly type is corrective of it, and in the real interest of the class which it dishonors. The article seems like an echo from the time of Queen Anne, when the parson was a byword and a jest in the households of the great. Our acquaintance with Anglicans, and especially with Free Churchmen in England, sets it aside as a mere caricature of the facts, with just enough of verisimilitude to give it plausibility with people who are both irreligious and thoughtless. With one remark, however, we are in hearty sympathy: "A man who does not spend at least as much time with his own sex as he does with the other loses influence over men, and loses worth in himself. Women-danglers must pay the price of their partiality."

Notes

There is to be a special meeting of the Protestant Episcopal House of Bishops early this autumn for the purpose of choosing Missionary Bishops of the jurisdictions of North Dakota and Asheville, N. C.

The meeting of the Board of Managers of the Protestant Episcopal Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society is to be held on September 21. Its principal work will be the nomination of a successor to the late Rev. Dr. Langford, as Secretary.

The secretaries of the International Young Men's Christian Association Committee met in annual session to map out the coming year's work, at Belmar, N. J., last Saturday. The lines of work to be represented will include the college, railroad, educational, physical, the colored, non-English-speaking, Indian, foreign, and the city, town, and State departments.

The Rev. Dr. George Forrest Browne, at present Suffragan Bishop of Stepney, has been appointed to fill the long-vacant bishopric of Bristol. Dr. Browne is a popular prelate, but is best known by reason of his professorship of archæology at the University of Cambridge. He has written several historical works. The appointment has given much satisfaction.

Union Theological Seminary opens on Wednesday, September 22; Princeton Theological Seminary on Thursday, September 16; and the General Theological Seminary, Chelsea Square, on Wednesday, September 15. The opening address at Union will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Marvin R. Vincent, in the remodeled Adams Chapel, on Thursday afternoon, September 23, at four o'clock.

The Rt. Rev. Nelson Somerville Rulison, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, died at Nauheim, Germany, on Wednesday of last week, at the age of fifty-four. His ministry was spent at Zion Church, Morris, N. Y.; at St. John's Church, Jersey City, and at St. John's Church, Cleveland, O. He was consecrated Bishop Coadjutor of Central Pennsylvania in St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, O., on October 28, 1884. He succeeded Bishop Howe on July 31, 1895.

A correspondent of the Springfield "Republican" thus describes a unique exercise at the Greenacre (Maine) summer school, whose subjects ranged from electrical engineering to universal religion: "At sunset our English-trained Parsee, Mr. Cola, who had discoursed that morning on Zoroaster and the Magi, stood on the high bluff (facing the crimson sunset shining across the broad Piscataqua from the New Hampshire mountains of Nottingham, Deerfield, and around Alton Bay), and held a service of prayer and scriptures in the Zoroastrian ritual addressed to the sun as symbol of Ahura-Mazda, in which many silently joined."

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Correspondence

Sectionalism and School Histories

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have just read the article "Sectionalism and School Histories," by B. L. T., in The Outlook for August 28. It seems to me especially timely, and is the fairest statement of the problem and its difficulties I have seen in any paper, North or South. His criticism of the unfair silence of many histories as to the principles for which the South fought is entirely just. And the "irritation" that is produced in the mind of "the Southern reader who feels that his father," who fought for those principles, "was neither a fool nor a knave," can be testified to from experience. It will be remembered that the earliest histories, and those used in Southern schools as well as Northern, were by Northern writers, some of them participants in the strife. If the Southern histories published afterwards were "recriminative, vindictive, even vituperative," as the writer alleges, it was because their authors felt that not only had an injustice been done to the loyalty and patriotism of the Southern soldier, but that a generation was thus being educated to look with contempt upon those who fought for the right as they interpreted it, and *pro aris et focis*. If the "brutal plain speaking" the writer deplores in the Southern historian be, nevertheless, a narrative of facts, and is brutal only because it is true, is it not best, perhaps, to have a generation that knows the truth even in its brutality than to have a generation that does not know the truth, and because it does not know it blushes for a father's honor or loyalty?

The spirit of the writer should be the spirit of every loyal citizen when he says "one part of the country cannot afford to exalt itself at the expense of another." We must have a patriotism national, not sectional, in its character. We must discourage everything in our schools or in our literature that magnifies the scar of a wound now fast healing. On the battle-field of Chickamauga are two monuments, almost identical in form, erected by Tennessee. One is erected to the memory of her boys in blue, the other to her boys in gray. Both are loved and honored for their valor. Both have a place in a mother's heart. It is a fair lesson to the Nation. The sooner the lines of sectionalism disappear from our land as they have disappeared from this State, the better it will be for our literature, our patriotism, and our prosperity.

J. M. M.

Dalton, Ga.

Another View

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"B. L. T.," in the article on "Sectionalism and School Histories," complains that many histories, published in the North, have, by their silence on certain subjects, done injustice to the South. The fact is that those historians were disposed by that silence to throw the mantle of charity over many of the acts of the South.

"B. L. T." claims that "State sovereignty" was the great question at issue, when in fact, while it became one of the questions by the acts of secession, yet the first overt act, that of secession, was brought about by the bitter jealousy and ill feeling which were aroused by a legitimate act, the election of a Republican Presidential ticket.

The politicians of the South had been the dominant political force in this country for thirty years. All legislation had been framed in their interests and in the interests of their favorite institution, slavery. They had endeavored illegally to force Kansas into the Union as a slave State. The issue upon that question had been growing more and more bitter for many years. Northern papers of anti-slavery proclivities were denied circulation at the South, and any one who differed from them in opinion was obliged either to hold his tongue or leave the country.

Upon the election of Abraham Lincoln, seeing that their political power was waning, the Southern politicians determined upon a policy of rule or ruin. They traveled among the people of the South making the most inflammable speeches and using the vilest and most opprobrious epithets against the North, and urging the organization of military companies and active drilling; and this as early as the fall of 1860. The Southerners, being an impulsive people, were led into the trouble by those political tricksters. Thousands of them had no desire to dissolve the Union, but the element of free speech did not exist in that section, and those who dared to speak were obliged to leave home and family and flee for their lives.

The leaders in this whole trouble were

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lawmakers in our Congress, or officials in the Departments in Washington, and in our army and navy. They had taken an oath to stand by and defend the Government of the *United States*. If the breaking of that oath was not treason, I do not know what treason is. There is not another country on this earth but what would have hung every one of those leaders soon as captured.

Regarding the suffering of Northern prisoners in Confederate prisons, that "B. L. T." should remark of the similarity of sufferings of Confederates in the North shows an ignorance of facts.

Of course there was suffering entailed by "Sherman's March to the Sea." War is not a pastime. That march, also Sheridan's raid in the Shenandoah Valley, were military necessities, and were, in fact, blessings, as they tended materially to shorten the war, and anything that did that lessened the loss of human life.

Did the Confederate "follow the flag of his country, that is, his sovereign State"? Had "B. L. T." thought, the error of this statement would at once be seen. The Confederate soldier followed the flag of the Confederate States, a flag that was not in existence until a number of Southern States had seceded, and the organization of the Confederate Government.

As to the bitterness expressed in many of the histories published in the South, it is only on a par with much of the undercurrent feeling, a feeling that is, however, stronger among the women than among the men. So long as this feeling is being continually nursed, so long will these unjust criticisms and recriminations be continued.

The people of the South are a generous, warm-hearted, impulsive, emotional people, very different from the more phlegmatic people of the North. The two peoples can learn much from each other. The old soldiers of each side shook hands at the close of that war thirty-two years ago, and I believe have in every way tried to wipe out the bitterness. If, however, the children are having these seeds planted in their hearts, the labor will almost be endless. A. J. H.

[Our correspondent fails to understand the aim of the article to which he refers. It was not to argue the questions of the Civil War or to sustain any positions taken, North or South. It was solely to point out that histories should give a fair, clear, temperate statement of what those claims were, on both sides.—THE EDITORS.]

Russian and Indian Peasants

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Being a reader of The Outlook for some years, I have had great faith in its reputation for accuracy. But I notice a statement in your number for August 28 which seems to me to require a qualification to prevent misrepresentation. In your article on India, page 122, you say, "The average income of the Indian native agricultural labor is $32, while even in Russia the peasant has an average income of $50." From these figures it would appear that the Russian peasant was one-third better off in living than the East Indian. In India the tropical growth of vegetation and fruit (except during famine) is very prolific; a small sum of money procures a great plenty of such food as is eaten by the natives. Very small coins are used, even to an eighth of a cent. A friend of mine who lived in India many years assures me that a few of these little coins purchase a lot of fruit and vegetables. In Russia much of the small earnings of the peasant must be spent for warm clothing and fuel to withstand the cold climate, and the food required to keep up inside warmth costs much more than in India, where there is no suffering from cold or scanty clothing or cold houses. It is not so much a question of number of dollars as the purchasing power of money that gives a fair idea of the comparison.

H. H.

Ridgewood, N. J.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

As a result of reading your interesting article on Professor Joseph Le Conte, August 7, I would thank you to give me a list of the books written by Professor Le Conte, or to name some other standard author who presents Evolution as in harmony with written Revelation.

A READER.

The titles of Professor Le Conte's published books are as follows: "Religion and Science, a Series of Sunday Lectures;" "Elements of Geology;" "Sight—an Exposition of Principles of Monocular and Binocular

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Vision;" "Compend of Geology for High Schools;" "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought." Besides these he has published seventy or more articles in the "American Journal of Science," the "Popular Science Monthly," and many other periodicals. Among these we may mention "The Factors of Evolution, their Grades and the Order of their Introduction" ("Monist," April, 1891); "Evolution and Human Progress" ("Open Court," 1891, "Pacific Coast Teacher," 1893); "Relation of the Church to Modern Scientific Thought" ("Andover Review," July, 1891). Your phrase "written Revelation" is not quite accurate. There is really no such thing, but rather a revelation which has been written about.

Please advise me as to some "up-to-date" good commentary on St. Paul's Epistles, also on the Gospels. Among so many publications one feels bewildered. If not too much trouble, give me also the name of the best commentary on the whole Bible. SUBSCRIBER.

Kindly name a list of commentaries, suggestive and critical, which you would recommend for a young pastor's library, and oblige H. M.

Upon these requests we must quote an extract from the recent private letter of a distinguished critical scholar:

You know the present situation. There is no good English commentary on the whole Bible. There are good commentaries on a few Biblical books. There is a number of Biblical writings on which we have nothing in the English language that can be recommended. It is a little humiliating not to be able to refer students to a reliable commentary on so important a book as Genesis, for instance. In German we now have good commentaries representing both the moderately conservative position, such as the Strack-Zöckler series, and the more progressive attitude, such as the "Kurzgefasstes Exegetisches Handbuch," Nowack's excellent "Handkommentar zum Alten Testament," and Holzmann-Lepsius-von Soden's "Handkommentar zum Neuen Testament." In French we have Reuss's "La Bible," a truly magnificent work.

Among existing material the needs of the ordinary reader for explanation of the text may fairly be supplied by the Cambridge Bible for Schools, published in parts. Among scholars, Meyer's "Commentary on the New Testament" has long had a high reputation for its exegetical ability, adapted to the needs of the preacher. Of the latest critical work, Professor Moore's "Judges" in the International Critical Commentary is a satisfactory installment of what is to be hoped for. The volumes of this commentary seem likely to be of unequal merit. Cheyne's "Psalms," "Isaiah," etc., are highly valuable; so is Driver's Introduction to the Old Testament. For good expository treatment see Professor G. A. Smith's "Minor Prophets." Much valuable material is also to be found in the works of Professors Sayce, Toy, Briggs, W. R. Smith, and others, on Biblical topics. We have named these in library lists published a few months since. For a good introduction to the New Testament take Weiss.

Do you believe the world needs now, or ever did need, more than one religious creed, or, in other words, a creed based on one faith, one creed, one baptism, one church? a creed that all can unite on and stand on, all pulling one way, all singing one song, and that song, Union, Peace, Harmony, and Happiness? Can the words of our Saviour be construed to favor more than one religious creed? H. S. A.

We think it of vital importance to insist on a sharp distinction between a *creed*, or confession of faith, and a *statement of doctrines* that are believed. The former is requisite for spiritual and moral life; the latter for intellectual satisfaction. The requisite for spiritual life is the same for all men; therefore the world needs but one creed. Requisites for intellectual satisfaction vary; therefore a variety of doctrinal statements is required for minds variously instructed or advanced. The requisite for spiritual life, as stated by Jesus (John xvii., 3), is simply to know God and his Christ—*i. e.*, in heart-knowledge, not head-knowledge. To this also, in his parting discourse, he urged his disciples: "Believe in God, believe also in me" (John xiv., 1, R. V., margin). Here "in" is literally *into*, and denotes, not an intellectual belief, but a heart-faith molding the life Godward and Christward. The Christian world needs to seek its true unity in content with this one creed given by the Master. Statements of doctrinal beliefs have served only to divide it. However simplified, they can, from the nature of human minds, only continue to divide it.

In Galatians vi., 11, Paul says, "Ye see how large a letter I have written to you with mine own hand." 1. Does it mean that Paul wrote the Epistle, or merely put his signature to it? 2. Was Paul one of the most learned men of his time? F. M.

1. In the Revised Version this verse reads: "See with how large letters," etc.; *i.e.*, in what a bold hand. From this, and from 1 Corinthians xvi., 21, Colossians iv., 18, and 2 Thessalonians iii., 17, it is inferred that Paul dic-

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tated his letters to a secretary, and added a few words of autograph as his signature. 2. He seems to have been learned for a Jew, both as having been a pupil of the Rabbi Gamaliel, and as evidently so conversant with the Greek poets as to quote them. See Acts xxii., 3; xvii., 28; 1 Corinthians xv., 33 (a quotation); Titus i., 12; also Acts xxvi., 24.

1. Why was not Jesus (the Christ) declared to the world by his contemporaries? 2. Does "A.D." begin with the birth or death of Christ?

J. F. H.

1. The Gospels state that Jesus in his lifetime repeatedly forbade those who believed in him to proclaim him as the Christ. No doubt can reasonably be entertained that this was because it would be misunderstood by the people, who expected a Christ that would be a political leader. It would simply have caused an uprising of political fanaticism against the Roman power, which would have been disastrous both to the people and the higher ends he had in view (compare John vi., 15). But after his death enabled these higher ends to be promoted without any such risks, he was at once proclaimed as the Christ throughout the Roman Empire. 2. It is reckoned from the supposed date of his birth, which, however, is four or five years later than the real date.

Do you think that Jesus understood the true causes of disease, or did he share the belief in demoniacal possession common at that day? He is reported as using language indicating the latter. It would seem that the barbarities of the early treatment of the insane and the sick might have yielded sooner to scientific relief if he could have taught the facts now known.

H. R. P.

There is no evidence that Jesus possessed scientific knowledge on this or any subject superior to that of his contemporaries. Nevertheless, it has not yet been demonstrated that there is no such thing as demoniacal possession, although much was then attributed to it that was due to other causes. Quite independent of his knowledge or ignorance on such subjects is Jesus's authority for conscience as a source of moral and religious light. It seems to be the divine way that useful knowledge of any kind is acquired only as the fruit of painstaking and persevering effort for it. Even if Jesus, or any other person, had then "taught the facts now known," his contemporaries would not have appreciated or appropriated such knowledge.

About People

—The unusual heat this summer in London has produced a startling but welcome revolution in manners on the bench. Some days since, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, after ordering all the doors and windows to be opened, took off his peruke and robe, and authorized the advocates to follow his example. It is claimed that for three or four centuries no English judge has ever sat on the bench without his wig.

—President Slocum, of Colorado College, has declined the call to Oberlin College extended to him last June. His reason for this decision, as stated in a recent open letter to his friends in Colorado, is that, though his study of the work before Oberlin College has increased his regard for that institution and his faith in the great future before it, yet he is convinced, too, that the work of Colorado College has equal possibilities for the future.

—The famous American dentist, Dr. Thomas W. Evans, who has long been resident in Paris, is now on a visit to this country. He opened his Paris office in 1846, and in time came to possess the patronage of Napoleon III., through whose friendship he gained a distinguished and lucrative practice. After Napoleon's fall Dr. Evans saw that the Empress Eugénie was safely conducted outside of Paris, and he took her in his own carriage from the capital to Calais. With the exception of Queen Victoria, Dr. Evans has attended to the teeth of every sovereign in Europe.

—On September 18, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne, King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway is to be made a "doctor quadruplex" of the University of Vienna. This will be the first time that the University has granted the four degrees (from each of the four faculties, theology, law, medicine, and philosophy) to the same person, and special permission had to be obtained from the Emperor. It is claimed that the only other like event occurred in 1825 at Jena, when the university simultaneously granted its four degrees to Goethe, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in Weimar.

—To school-boys old and young the name of Elijah Kellogg is a familiar one. Who of them has not tried to become something of an orator through the medium of "Spartacus to the Gladiators" or "Regulus to the Car-

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thaginians"? They will be interested, therefore, in learning that the Rev. Elijah Kellogg still lives at Harpswell, Me. "For almost threescore years," says the Kennebec "Journal," "he has been pastor of a little parish of fishermen and farmers where the sea runs up the Harpswell inlets. He is poor and always has been, though his writings have made the fortune of his publishers; but he is rich in those things money cannot buy. Bowdoin College has graduated more famous men than Elijah Kellogg, but not one of nobler heart and truer worth, and none who have a stronger hold on the undergraduate body. Almost every Sunday a group of students go to Harpswell to hear him preach in his quaint, old-fashioned church; and when the modest old man can be induced to come to the colllege to preach, all the boys turn out to listen to eloquence such as few congregations in the country are favored with."

—The Chicago "Chronicle" says:

Mark Twain proposed some time ago to start a crusade against the insolence of menials and the encroachments upon individual rights by corporations or servants. He must have mourned the death in England the other day of the Rev. William Jenkins, rector of Fillingham, Lincolnshire. Jenkins was a man after Mark's own heart. He had during his whole life carried out the principles which the novelist advocated. He was known in London by every cabman and tramway conductor, for he was a terror to all who tried to extort from him more than the law allowed. He never went abroad without a copy of the acts of Parliament, from which he expounded the law to those who tried to get more than their share. He knew to a penny what the legal fare to various parts of the city was, and he was versed in all municipal regulations. If the cabbies tried to gouge him, as they frequently did, he haled them before a magistrate and insisted that the law deal with them. He became the terror of all drivers in London, and gained the sobriquet of "the litigant." He compelled the railways to provide everything which the law demanded, and to grant every privilege which their charter called for. Many considered him a very disagreeable person by reason of his sturdy insistence on his rights, but he is responsible for many accommodations being granted to travelers and citizens generally which would never have been granted if it had not been for his severe sense of justice. The fact that he died of liver complaint is said by the London newspapers to explain much, but his irregular liver has done a great deal for his fellow-citizens.

—Johnson Marchent Mundy, the blind sculptor, who died lately, was not born blind, but when eight years old his sight showed signs of failing, and his parents were compelled to take him from his studies. Though his eyes were weak, his natural fondness for sculpture was so great that he entered a studio. Later he opened his own studio in Rochester, N. Y., and continued work there for many years. Among his achievements are a marble bust of Frederick Douglass, which occupies a conspicuous place in the Capitol at Washington; a bust of Bishop Delancey, and one of the late Dr. Hale, Dean of Hobart College. Perhaps his best-known work is his statue of Washington Irving; it is said to be the only statue of Irving in existence. The sculptor spent the last decade of his life—a decade of total blindness—in Tarrytown, N. Y.

Bits of Fun

A musical laugh is one brought forth by one of your own jokes; all other laughs are more or less grating.—*Atchison (Kan.) Globe.*

Dogma.—Teacher—Mary, make a sentence with dogma as subject. Mary (after careful thought)—The dogma has three puppies.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

When Hamlet said, "But I have that within which passeth show," it is believed that he had in his pocket a complimentary ticket for a circus.—*Roseleaf.*

"It is a good deal of a drawback for a woman to be heartless," said the Corn-fed Philosopher, "but to a watermelon it is utter ruin."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Hungry Higgins—I wouldn't mind goin' to Klondike if it wasn't for havin' to dig out the gold. Weary Watkins—That isn't the worst of it. It has to be washed after it is dug.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

There is an art in putting things. "He never turned the hungry from his door" sounds very well, but it's different when you say, "He fed every tramp that came along."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Oh, Mrs. Miggs, what a dreadful black eye! I do hope you haven't been fighting?" "Foightin', miss? Me? Sure, 'ow could Oi be foightin', wid me 'usband dead this two years?"—*London Sketch.*

"The sloth," said the witty dean of St. Paul's, "moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and, in fact, passes his life in suspense, like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop.—*Household Words.*

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For the Little People

The Emaciated Arab and His Calendar

A Vegetarian Vagary

By Edgar W. Abbot

An emaciated Arab on Sahara's sandy plain
Was overcome with hunger and starvation's cruel pain.
The dates he had relied on to appease his appetite
Were eaten up. He was, indeed, in very wretched plight!
He moaned and groaned in anguish in his gum-Arabic way,
"Oh, woe is me! I have no food my hunger to allay.
But stay! an idea strikes me! Oh, blessed be the fates!
I bought a calendar this year: I'll dine upon the dates."

Lucky-and-Lazy-Land

By T. J. Kommers

Once upon a time—so my father used to tell me—he was walking along a road in a far-away country, where men said there was a way to Lucky-and-Lazy-Land. So he asked a man whether he could tell him the way. "Oh, yes," said the man. "A little farther on you will find a mountain of porridge all prepared with sugar and butter, and you must eat a hole through that mountain, and then you will be in Lucky-and-Lazy-Land." So he went on, and by and by he came to the mountain. And then he began to eat as fast as he could, and after several days he managed to eat a hole through, and then he found himself on the other side, in a very beautiful country. Naturally, he was very tired, and lay down under a tree to sleep. And after he had slept a while, something gave him a smart slap on his face. This woke him up, and what do you think? It was a pancake which had fallen from the tree, for he had been sleeping under a tree on which grew nice hot brown pancakes, all prepared with butter and syrup. So he got up and picked a few more and ate them.

But his clothes were very much soiled from crawling through the mountain of porridge, and, seeing a river near by, he thought he would wash his clothes. So he took off his coat and trousers and began to rinse them in the water; but, lo! as he pulled them out they were full of fried fish, for all the fishes that swam in that river were fried. While his clothes were drying he ate all the fish he wished, and then went on to see more of that wonderful country.

He had not gone very far before he stumbled over a little hill of sand which proved to be full of eggs, already cooked just to his taste. And while he was sitting there eating his eggs he heard a grunt, and, looking up, he saw a pig standing before him, nicely roasted, with a knife sticking in its back. "Don't you wish a slice of roast pork?" said the pig; "just help yourself." So he took the knife and cut off a piece; then he put the knife again in the pig's back, and the pig gave another grunt and ran away.

And after a while he walked on, when suddenly a bird flew into his mouth. Of course he took it out to see what kind of a bird it was, and there was a bird beautifully baked and all ready to eat!

Now all this time he had not seen any people in Lucky-and-Lazy-Land, and he was beginning to feel very lonesome. Just then he saw a man coming towards him. "Hello, stranger!" he said; "where are you going?" "Ah," said the stranger, "I am trying to find my way out of this country. I cannot endure this any longer. A man can have all he wants here except friends and work; this is pleasant enough for a little while, but I shall be very glad if I can get out into the world and live as other men do." "Well," said my father, "I think you are right; and while I can I will go back with you." And so they went back to the mountain of porridge, and ate their way out again, and came home.

When We Go Fishing

When we go fishing in the brook,
  Joey and Cicely and I,
A crooked pin's our only hook.
  That catches 'em! Sometimes we tie
The string tight to a willow limb
Just where the biggest minnows swim.

Then we lie down there in the shade,
  And watch our bobs that tip and float;
And once a bridge of rocks we made,
  And built a castle and a moat;

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But, just as sure as we begin,
Why, Joey goes and tumbles in!

Then all the frightened fish they hide
  Beneath the rocks and in the pool.
There's not a minnow to be spied!
  The water settles clear and cool
With bubbles 'tween the rocks and foam;
But then we must take Joey home.

Of course he cries at mamma's look.
  She says, "Is this the only fish
That you can catch in Silver Brook?"
  She knows, though, we'd get all she'd wish,
With just our string and pail and pin—
If Joey wouldn't tumble in.

—*St. Nicholas.*

An Unknown Land

The children who study geography will know what a mesa is. It is a high tableland. There is a mesa in Mexico which has interested people for a number of years. No one knew what was on top, and some curious theories were developed. Some people thought that a race of cliff-dwellers would be found there. Others thought that valuable metals would be found on top, while others thought that probably there would be found remains of the old cliff-dwellers—household utensils, perhaps remnants of the clothing, the ornaments, and furniture; things that would tell more about these long-time-ago people than had yet been found out.

This mesa is called Mesa Encantada. It is seven hundred feet high, and there is no way by which men may climb to the top. Scientists have been greatly interested in this mesa because at its foot the bones of the eohippus, the animal that is older in the history of animals than the horse, have been found. Bits of pottery were also found that resembled the household utensils of lost peoples who used to live in Mexico hundreds of years ago. Legends and stories have been told over and over again about these strange peoples. Some men of science who are greatly interested in the history of this long-ago time, and who are able to tell from bits of pottery and fragments of stone how the peoples of those days lived and worked, about what they believed, the wars they fought, the battles they lost and won, wanted to go to the Mesa Encantada to see what it would tell of the people who had once lived on it. These learned men went to Mexico with lines and a mortar such as would be used in reaching a ship cast ashore. After pitching a camp about a mile away, they took all the appliances for reaching the top to the foot of the cliff. The first line fired by the mortar failed to reach the top. The second shot carried the line over the mesa at the narrowest part. After this the heavier ropes were drawn over the cliff by using the lighter lines, and a boatswain's chair was arranged to carry the explorer to the top. It took two days to do this. At last everything was ready, and the first man to step on top of this mesa in centuries got into the chair and was carried by the use of ropes over pulleys to the top. The man was pulled to the top by the use of a horse and a mule secured from a near-by farm, just as you have seen freight taken from the hold of a steamer at the docks. When the explorer reached the top he found a flat area of about seventeen acres, with nothing interesting, nothing to tell the story of any people who might have lived on the mesa when the world was young. He stayed several hours, and then returned to the plains by the same way he went up. Nothing was determined except that neither people nor wealth were on top of the Mesa Encantada.

The Old Tin Sheep

By Katharine Pyle

"Creak!" said the old tin sheep on wheels;
  "I'm growing old, and down my back
  I'm very sure there's a dreadful crack.
There's nobody knows," said the old tin
    sheep, "till he's old how an old toy
    feels.

"I used to trundle about the floor;
  But that was when I was young and new;
  It's something that now I could not do.
No; I shall quietly rest myself on this shelf
    behind the door.

"Creak!" said the sheep; "what's gone amiss?
  Some one is taking me out, I know.
  They're pulling my string, and away I go.
Stop! oh, stop!" cried the old tin sheep;
    "I never can go like this!"

But Tommy pulled the sheep around;
  About the nursery it went so fast
  The floor beneath seemed flying past,
While creakety-creakety-creak! the wheels
    went round with a doleful sound.

Then Tommy left it there on its side;
  The wheels moved slowly and stopped
    with a creak,
  And the wax doll heard it faintly speak.
"There's nobody knows what he can do,"
    said the sheep, "till he has tried."

—*St. Nicholas.*

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The Home Club

More About Children's Reading

The kind of reading that should be given to children is an almost daily subject of conversation. Miss Caroline M. Hewins, of the Hartford Public Library, presented before the librarians recently convened in Philadelphia an interesting paper on the subject of "Books for Children." She lays down as a first law that the book should be written in an easy, flowing style; for, if so written, the child will read it in spite of the fact that now and then there is an unfamiliar word. She says that children's books should be imaginative in the best sense, and that the books read by children should always appeal to their best instincts; and she states from her experience that there are two stories which always interest children—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Black Beauty." She lays down a sound principle when she says that children's books should not excite to tears. She advises stories of happy, sunny childhood in sheltered homes, of simple country pleasures, of home life where there is obedience without an overmastering evidence of control.

In a small graded school in a country village, attended almost wholly by children from the lower walks of life, a teacher was burdened by the Readers she was compelled to use in her department. The children had to remain in the room a year, there being two grades, and she discovered that before the year had expired many of the children could recite lesson after lesson in the book by heart; that in a reading lesson they were not compelled to keep their eyes at all on the book, but could stand up at any point and read the paragraph when their turns came. In fact, she more than once discovered that they recited it. Over and over again she had talked about this limitation with the principal of the school, but both were helpless, for the town was one of those in Connecticut that expended more per capita for its pauper population than for its school population. A wealthy New Yorker moved into the town. He met the principal, a man of rare nature, of deep spiritual thinking, and a devoted lover of children and of education. The wealthy man talked over the public school of the town with this principal, and this question of lack of apparatus and of poor Readers naturally came into the conversation. The wealthy man made a present of four hundred dollars to the school principal, telling him to expend it as in his judgment seemed best. He, with that fine sense of justice which always animated every act of his life, asked each teacher in turn what she would prefer in her school-room. The teacher of the primary grade said at once that she wanted new Readers; that all she asked was the privilege of never again opening the book that the school authorities had selected for the grade she was teaching. "What do you want?" asked the principal. She answered at once, "I want 'The Bodleys on Wheels.'" "Why?" "Because I think it will be quite easy to make the children familiar with the early colonial period, and with the geography of that period and the present, as well as with reading itself; and I am certain of one thing, that the book will teach them good manners." Her wish was granted, the dreadful Readers that she had been using were put on a high shelf in the closet, and the Bodley books, never taken from the school-room, became the Reader, the speller, the geography, the history of those grades. Within six months the change in the manners of those children and in their way of speaking to each other was so marked that the school visitors noted it; and without a shadow of doubt this change was due to the introduction of these children to a simple, true home life, as bound between the covers of "The Bodleys on Wheels."

Doubtless many teachers could testify to the moral effects, the ethical effects, of a high grade of literature introduced in a school-room. It is a great pity that our school authorities are the last to realize this great fact, which is so evident to those who stand in close relation especially to little children. Among the books Miss Hewins recommends for children—those that she has found they enjoy—are, Brooks's "True Story of Abraham Lincoln," Brooks's and Alden's "Long Walks," Crockett's "Sweetheart Travelers," Joel Chandler Harris's "Story of Aaron," Henty's Works, Andrew Lang's "Animal Story Book," Nora Perry's "Three Little Daughters of the Revolution," and Paul Leicester Ford's "True Story of George Washington."

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